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No. 16.

of unworthiness. "How would she  
pear in society?"

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They were married, had returned from  
their wedding tour, and yet at the expiration  
of their honeymoon, Fred was not  
in love than ever." At a grand entertain-  
ment given by the relatives of the  
groom, Helen looked more beautiful  
than ever. Her husband did not insist that  
she should depart from simplicity, and  
without jewels, or laces, with  
fresh, white robe, simple slash of hair,  
and of fair moist roses, she was by far  
the most lovely creature in the room. As  
she entered the great saloon, blazing with  
light, her heart failed her.

"Shall I love him as dearly," she  
thought, "as I have loved myself?"  
herself, "I find he is ashamed of my  
I cannot bear the thought; but should I  
overcome all conventional notions, the  
have a husband to be honored, and  
on a husband, and I should be proud  
he shall be proud of his wife."

How she watched him as he presided  
her to one and another.

"Simple," whispered a magnificent  
resplendent with diamonds, as she came  
her lips and passed by. The observation  
escaped neither Helen nor her husband.  
She looked at him. He smiled a love  
smile, and only drew her closely to his  
side. Many in that brilliant gathering  
pitied poor Fred, and wondered why  
he should content himself on the shrine of  
courtship simplicity.

But he—oh, joy! he seemed to love

idly. His noble face expressed the pain he truly felt. He looked as if he would have swept back the scorners with the motion of his hand, had they ventured one wave too high on the shore of pride. He seemed to excuse every word every word not in conformity to etiquette and Helen's heart beat high, and she came to her senses when she felt how close a heart she won.

The young bride stood near the corner, talking in a low tone when a newcomer appeared. She was a beautiful slight-formed creature, with haughty features. Ill concealed scorn lurked in the brilliant eyes whenever she glanced toward Helen. Once she held sway of the heart of Fred, and hearing whom he had married, she fancied her time was come.

"Do you suppose she knows anything?" whispered a low voice near her.

Helen's eyes sparkled, her face flushed indignantly. She turned toward her husband. He was gone, speaking at a distance with a friend.

"Do you play, Mrs. Lure?" she asked. There was a mocking tone in her voice.

"A little," answered Helen, her cheeks blushing.

"A little," was the half reply.

"Then do us a favor," exclaimed M. Somers, looking askance at her companion.

"Come, I myself will lead you to my instrument."

"Mark! whose masterly touch? Instantly was the half-popen door arrested, and cold ear and haughty heads were turned in listening surprise. Such melody! Such correct intonations! Such breadth, depth, and vigorous touch. Who is she? She indeed plays like an angel."

"Glorious voice!" said Fred to his friend, who with the rest had paused to listen.

"Who can she be—"

The words were suddenly arrested by his lips. She turned from the piano, and the unknown was his wife!

"I congratulate you, Fred," said young man at his side, but he spoke so marble. The color had left his cheeks he walked slowly toward her.

If he was speechless with amazement she was not. A rich bloom mantled her cheek, triumph made her eyes sparkle they never did before. They flashed diamonds. A crowd gathered to comment her. In a graceful acknowledgment she blended wit and humor.

"How well she talked! Who would have thought! He has found a treasure," was whispered all around.

Meanwhile Frederick Lane stood in one enchanted, while his rustic wife quoted books with perfect abandon—mired this one, condemned that.

A sedate-looking student lost himself in a Latin quotation. Helen smiled, finished it, and she received a look of frequent thanks. Bon mots, repartee, a gauge choice, rich, fancy and imaginative fell from her beautiful lips, as if they received a touch from some fairy hand.

Still Frederick stood by her side in one in a dream, pressed his hands on his eyes to be sure of his bewilderment, when he saw her bending, breathing vision of loveliness, over a harp, her tall arm leaning on its golden strings, heard again that rich voice, plaintive with some tender memory, and fall in sweet and sorrowful cadence.

"Tell me," he said when alone, "does this mean? I feel like one awaking from a dream."

"Only a country girl," said Helen, then falling into her husband's arms, she exclaimed, "Forgive me, I am that rustic you would die sooner than we are you sorry you married me?"

"Sorry, my glorious wife! But Helen, you could not deceive. Did I not understand you had never—"

"never took a music lesson, never was taught to sing—all very true, and you are all you see me here to-night, my teacher. With labor and diligence I hope I am worthy to be the wife of a good and exalted as I find my husband."

"Reader," wouldn't you and I like to be there just now to hear her story? To see the bright smiles upon her perfect, dimpled face, as she tells how she has learned piano, books, harp, portfolio, and music, all in an empty room by herself, and looking the door, leaving them seclusion and dust, as the country girl without any deep-laid scheme, succeeding in convincing the well-bred city gentleman that he could marry a charming rustic, if her fingers were more familiar with the piano and knitting-needles than with the churn and books.



## Middlesex County Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1873.

The figures printed with the subscription name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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1873.

"Happy New Year," has been the greeting on friendly lips since Wednesday morning. The phrase is a happy one, let it mean much or little. Let it be a happy year, this 1873. The nation is at peace with the world, the dissensions of an earnest political struggle are passed, and there is no cause for trouble, and none is anticipated. The State was in ways tranquil, and as she holds the best place in the front rank of the states, there is no reason why she should not be complacent. The year we have entered will be marked with more progress than has ever before been seen, and every individual should be willing to do his part. The days of the dead men have passed, and the men of the present are living and active beings. Each year reveals some great idea which moves the world, and we are moving on in all that is great and glorious. With this column also moves much that is small and unworthy, but if we refuse to allow it to be the controlling influence we shall do well. The man of 1873 has opportunities never before possessed, and if he does not improve them, he has failed of his mission. The New Year is not much a time for resolutions, but it is for action—not for talk, but work.

"Let us then be up and doing," and this Year of Grace, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three shall not have been given us in vain.

**THALIAN.**—The Thaliens on their fourth night, gave us The Poetic Proposal, in which Messrs. Jones, Barrett and Parker sustained parts assisted by Mrs. T. M. Parker and Miss Lillian Miller. The ladies appeared for the first time, and made a good impression. The piece is not a "roaring farce," but quite humorous and gave very good satisfaction. The Little Treasure was very well done by Messrs. Wetherell, Jones, A. Thompson (first appearance), Kimball and Barrett, with Misses Parker and Woodman, and Mrs. Miller. The acting was quite good, and our Medford friends who are our standards of amateur could hardly do better. The music was by Brackett and Horkorn and of course, excellent. The audience was rather small, but those who went were not sorry.

**LYCEUM.**—The lecture last Tuesday evening was very interesting, and those who braved the storm were well repaid for their trouble. Prof. Morse is just the man to popularize science, and the facility with which he illustrates his subject, and the entire absence of stiffness so common with scientific lecturers made his evening one of the best of the course. He used the black board with great ease and the eyes of the audience helped their ears, and not infrequently they were greatly amused.

**OUT OF IT.**—Whatever else may be charged to Banks, it is but fair to record that he is entirely clear of the scandalous Credit Mobiler. We don't know why he didn't get into it, but we are heartily glad our representative was not connected with it, and we imagine that Daves, Boutwell, and some others wish they were as well off. It is seldom of late that Banks does a praiseworthy act, but when he does, let us praise him.

**THE** second annual exhibition of the Massachusetts Poultry Association will take place in Music Hall, Boston, commencing January 14th, and continuing through the three days following. Premiums to the amount of twenty-five hundred dollars will be offered. Owners of superior fowls and cacklers will doubtless be on the anxious seats until the fair is over.

**EVENTIDE.**—We have received a copy of the beautiful chromo sent out by the publisher of the *Christian Era*. It is neatly framed and adds greatly to the adornment of our sanctum. Our Baptist friends are invited to call and see if it is not worth their while to subscribe to the *Era* and get a copy of this superior work of art.

**TIME.**—Look out for change on time tables. The last train down on Wednesday night goes at 10 o'clock of 10.15. The train out formerly at 6.10 now comes at 6.15.

**THE** prices for vaccination range all the way from 50 cents to \$5, and the doctors are reaping a harvest. One of them vaccinated 107 cases between dinner and supper the other day.

**WANT.**—A young lady who writes a fair hand, can learn of a situation by applying to the editor of this paper.

**WORK.**—Has been suspended at the pumping well and conduit of the Water Works during the severe weather.

**FIRE.**—Monday evening while the installation was in progress in Masonic Hall, Bank Block, Chief Engineer John Gilest was acting as doorkeeper, and passing the entry out of which open the doors of the Banks, Town offices, etc. Mr. Edward Simonds had visited the Collector's room, fixed his fire, and been out about three-fourths of an hour when Mr. Gilest smoked smoke, and saw a light through the door of the Collector's room. Stepping in, he saw that some papers on a table which stood in one corner and some coats that hung over them were on fire, and the flames making progress up the wall. Quickly procuring the aid of Chief of Police David and Officer Marshall Richardson, with some pails of water they suppressed the flames and threw the burning clothing out upon the snow. The fire had burned the table, the chair rail and the clothing rack, and in a few minutes more, the fire would have got through the partition, and the saving of the building would have been attended with great difficulty. Had the fire progressed, the large audience in Masonic Hall could not have got out without broken limbs and perhaps loss of life. Much praise is due Chief Gilest for his presence of mind in putting out the fire without giving an alarm as none of the assembly above knew of the fire till it was all out, and the danger over. It is thought the fire must have originated from some of the stove furniture that lay on the table, or from the snapping of a coal from the open stove door.

During the prevalence of the snow it will be very difficult for the firemen to respond to an alarm, and Chief Gilest cautions the citizens to be more than usually careful in regard to fires, for if one should occur, it would inevitably be attended with serious loss.

**PRESENTATION.**—This is just the time for presentations, and every few days we are called on to record that a watch or a cane or something has been given to somebody. These little episodes are very pleasant, and help keep alive the friendly feeling which should always characterize social intercourse. On Tuesday, the girls in the passing and coming rooms of N. J. Simonds' shoe stock factory presented Sullivan Simonds, Jr., with an elegant gold hunting watch from Dodge's, costing \$130.00. Mr. Simonds is superintendent in these rooms, and being called to the counting-room, found on his return that all hands had assembled about the pasted notice, and he was surprised to observe Miss A. Jewett step forward and address him as follows:—

Mr. Simonds:—In view of the close of the present year, and the beginning of the new, we would speak as we would at the coming year, and renew our diligence and honesty, thereby supporting the true dignity of labor. We feel pleased to acknowledge our belief in the sincerity, integrity and impartial manner in which we are overseen, and as a tangible proof of this we present this slight token.

Mr. Simonds, taken thus at a disadvantage, had nothing to say, but after the fashion of Congressmen desired to have his speech appear in print, which he does elsewhere. The ladies were highly elated at their success, and all seemed to feel as happy as "Sul." We took no minutes of his speech, as he did not come to time, but as this is the first time he was not on hand, it is best not to be too particular.

The watch was engraved as follows:—  
Presented to  
SULLIVAN SIMONDS JR.,  
Cutting and Shaping, in  
Simonds' Shoe Stock Factory,  
Woburn,  
January 1, 1873.

**SMALL-POX.**—Since our last issue small-pox has been reported in two places. A man named Murphy at G. L. Hunt's house, corner of Fowle and Main streets, and Otis Randall on one of Wilson's new streets, East Woburn. At the meeting of the Board of Health on Wednesday the following was adopted:—  
Whereas, it having appeared that certain parties have violated the statutes of the State and the rules of the Board of Health, regarding the isolation of persons exposed to small-pox in places, it is Resolved, That the Executive Officer of the Board forthwith procure warrants against all such persons, and enforce immediately the laws of the State and the rules of the Board.

We visited the small-pox hospital Friday morning, and find it to be very well adapted for the purpose. Each of the four rooms will contain a stove and is lighted by two windows. Good ventilation can also be secured. There is room in the attic for several beds should occasion require it. Mr. Kimball has finished his part, and it will probably be furnished and stoves put up to-day. The town teams were employed on Thursday putting around it a bank of gravel which makes the place warm and comfortable. We hope there may be no occasion to use it, but if there is, the patients can be secured of comfortable quarters. Mr. Kimball informs us that the building was put up in two weeks of the coldest weather of the season, and during its progress one man froze his feet and another his hands.

**I. O. O. F.**—Crystal Fount Lodge of Odd Fellows chose for officers on Thursday evening, the following gentlemen:—  
L. Burnham, N. G.  
J. W. Knight, V. G.  
Thomas C. Young, Treasurer.  
G. M. Buchanan, R. S.  
E. D. Layton, Per. Sec.  
Trustees.—Nathan Wyman, A. A. Ferrin, J. W. Francis.

**FALLS.**—On Wednesday, as Mr. S. K. Parker was coming down the steps at his house on Middlesex street, he slipped and fell, spraining his shoulders. A similar accident occurred to Mr. Joshua Stoddard, on Monday evening. Mrs. J. M. Clark fell on the sidewalk and sprained her back. She was taken home in a hack.

**ANOTHER ACCIDENT.**—While the late train for Lowell was making up last Wednesday night, they ran into the Stoneham cars, making a small break, and considerably frightening Mr. McFarlane who happened to be the only passenger in the car at that time.

**G. A. R.**—The officers of Burbank command, Post 33, G. A. R., were installed by Mustering Officer, L. W. Osgood, on Thursday evening at their Hall. The ceremony was appointed for Thursday evening of last week, but owing to the storm, it was postponed.

**MASONIC.**—The officers of Mt. Hope Lodge of F. & M. were publicly installed on Monday evening. The beautiful rooms of the Lodge were opened to the lady friends of the members, who assembled in goodly numbers. The newly appointed R. W. District Deputy Harrington of Medford was present with his suite, but in a very graceful manner invited his predecessor, Col. Grammer, to act for him. Accordingly Col. Grammer installed the officers, performing the duty in a very impressive manner. The officers, elective and appointed, are as follows:—

N. J. Simonds, W. M.  
A. V. Haynes, S. W.  
S. A. Grammer, J. W.  
H. Collamore, Treas.  
S. Horton, Sec.  
G. M. Buchanan, S. D.  
A. A. Jones, J. D.  
Charles A. Seward, S. S.  
John W. Hutchinson, S. S.  
Rev. W. S. Barnes, Chaplain.  
George J. Pindar, Marshal.  
Abijah Thompson, Organist.  
R. B. Bean, Sentinel.  
G. G. Osgood, Tyler.  
During the evening Mr. J. C. Buck presided at the organ, and there was singing by Messrs. Lang, Thompson, Wood and Parker. After the installation, the company passed to Lyceum Hall where Oscar Hutchinson had prepared a repast which being soon disposed of, and a few brief speeches made, the tables were removed, and dancing began and continued until twelve. This is the first public installation of the Lodge, and afforded the ladies and the few gentlemen visitors a very pleasant evening.

**IN** the Boston Municipal Court on Tuesday, Patrick Callahan alias Gallagher, was arraigned on a complaint charging him with being a fugitive from Pennsylvania, and he was fully committed to jail. It appears that as long ago as the 10th of September, 1870, Callahan had an altercation with one Charles Carigan in a dance hall in Philadelphia, during which Carigan was badly beaten over the head and finally murdered. Callahan made his escape, and came to this state, first finding employment in a tannery at Peabody. After working there for some time he made a trip to Canada, where he spent several months. He then returned to Massachusetts and went to work in Winchester. He remained there awhile, and then went to the neighboring town of Wilmington, where, on Saturday night last, he was apprehended and taken to Boston. Information of his arrest was at once telegraphed to the Chief of Police at Philadelphia, and he will be sent there as soon as a requisition from the Governor of Pennsylvania shall arrive.

**GENERAL COURT.**—The general court met on Wednesday. In the Senate Hon. George B. Loring of Salem was unanimously elected president, Stephen N. Gifford was chosen clerk, and the Rev. Edward Abbott was re-elected chaplain. The Hon. John E. Sanford of Taunton received a nearly unanimous vote for speaker of the house. Mr. Charles H. Taylor of Somerville was elected clerk over Mr. W. S. Robinson, the former incumbent of the office. Major Mersey of Plymouth was re-elected sergeant-at-arms by both branches. The election sermon was preached in the hall of the house of representatives by the Rev. G. C. Lorimer, D. D., his subject being "The Stability of the Moral Law."

**North Woburn.**  
**ACCIDENT.**—While at work in Messrs. J. O. Cummings & Co.'s tannery on Wednesday, Mr. Wilson Fiske met with an accident in this wise. His clothing was caught between the teeth of a pair of cog wheels and he was drawn thereby against them. His left cheek, the left side of his neck and left shoulder were badly bruised, and it is thought one rib is broken. Mr. Fiske caught hold of a post, and by his strength saved his life, for in the end his clothing was completely stripped off, thus releasing him. He is quite comfortable now.

**THAW.**—The cold weather of Thursday morning was supplemented by warm air in the evening, and before daylight Friday morning a thaw had set in. Should it last only a day or two, the sleighing would be very much improved thereby.

**THE** Charitable Reading Society of the First Congregational Church, held its annual supper at the church on Wednesday evening. A very large number were in attendance, including a delegation from North Woburn.

**AMERICAN SMALL-POX PREVENTIVE** was used last winter with great success in the city of Philadelphia, and proved itself worthy of the confidence of all. Dr. Hall says "it is the only remedy yet discovered that will protect the system from small-pox poison, and never knew it fail when taken ten days before the eruption appears." Vaccination is a modifier of the disease, but will not prevent small-pox, as many persons have small-pox twice; therefore, we advise the use of the American Small-Pox Preventive, and if it proves as effectual in protecting the people of this community as it has been in protecting all those who have tried it in other places, it certainly should be used by all who are exposed to this most terrible disease. Prepared by Dr. Geo. H. Hutchings, 270 Main St.

**CRAIGIE'S BRIDGE.** Craigie's bridge (foot of Leverett street) is soon to be thoroughly reconstructed. A new superstructure will replace the old one, and the new draw will be constructed 100 feet nearer Cambridge, by order of the Harbor Commissioners. The new piers, the raising of the road-way with granite blocks instead of cobble stone, etc. The sidewalks will be each 10 feet wide, so that there will be room for two lines of car tracks on the three rows of teams between. The estimated cost of these needed improvements is \$130,000.

**R. R. ACCIDENT.**—Monday morning, the 6 o'clock train was derailed near W. Medford by the breaking of the parallel bar on the engine. No one was hurt. The bar was taken off and the engine went on with one set of drivers.

**THE** Marlboro Meddors will hereafter be published on Wednesdays, and a paper sent out on Saturdays will be called the *Journal*. Mr. L. L. Tarbell is added to the editorial staff.

**INSTALLATION.**—Rev. William M. Young, D. D., was installed pastor of the First Baptist Church, Woburn, on Thursday evening. There was a large audience in attendance. The services commenced with a voluntary on the organ, followed by an anthem from the choir. Rev. W. J. Hamblinton, of the Methodist church, invoked the Divine blessing, and read the first 8 verses of the 4th chapter of 2nd Timothy. Prayer was then offered by Rev. L. Thompson, of the North Congregational. The following verses of the 94th hymn were then read by Rev. H. C. Townley, and sung by the choir:—

Father of mercies, how low we are,  
How vile our nature, how full of sin;  
We plead for those who plead for thee;  
We share the blessing they receive.

How great their work! how vast their charge!  
To them thy sacred word is given;  
Their best endowments are our gain;  
We share the blessing they receive.

Rev. J. D. Fulton, D. D., announced as his text, Deuteronomy 12:3, "For ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance which the Lord your God giveth you." The sermon was an earnest appeal to the church to avoid the inclination to stop in the good work but to press onward, always keep moving, always at work for the glory of God, and for the peace that crowns the faithful performance of duty. The sermon was followed by the Installation Prayer by Rev. J. S. Dickinson, D. D., of South Boston, who after the singing of an anthem gave the Charge to the Candidate, Rev. J. Tilton of Hingham, in his Charge to the Church very appropriately described the duties of the Society, and urged them to perform their part in making this administration a successful one. After another anthem, the Hand of Fellowship was given by Rev. L. G. Barrett of Winchester, and the following hymn was rendered:—

Spirit of peace and holiness,  
Thine be each heart in love,  
And ratify our work above.

Savior, who carest for thy sheep,  
Thine be each heart in love,  
And ratify our work above.

God thine heart with strength divine  
Lead Christ through all his conflict shine;  
Thine be each heart in love,  
And ratify our work above.

The newly installed pastor closed the impressive exercises with the benediction. Among the heavy losses by the great Boston fire were the well known Clothing Dealers, Messrs. Macaulay, Williams & Parker. This firm had nearly completed a new building, and were in the process of removing their stock and fixtures to their new premises. The fire destroyed the old building, and the loss was estimated at \$100,000. The firm's resources were speedily demonstrated. The value of stock in the building was \$20,000, and owing chiefly to their prompt exertions, about \$100,000 worth of stock was saved from the flames and removed on Sunday, November 10, to the Lawrence Building, corner of West and Tremont street. The members of the firm and the clerks worked systematically, and the remarkable zeal and coolness were exhibited by the clerks, who did not cease their well-directed efforts till the intense heat and the difficulty of orders compelled them to stop.

**RE-ENTRY OF BUSINESS.**  
On Monday morning, Nov. 11, the goods were removed to 155 Tremont street, the premises occupied by Messrs. P. Sargent & Co., the well known carriage builders, who kindly removed their own goods to the premises, and the new building of the firm in this trying emergency. Messrs. Chickering & Sons immediately moved their stock to the new building at 54 Washington street at the disposal of the firm, who promptly provided the girls in their employ, amounting to between 80 and 100, with new clothing and temporary wants, and within about a week the entire force were supplied by the firm with work again at various points in the city.

**THEIR NEW WAREHOUSE.**  
Messrs. Macaulay, Williams & Parker moved their stock to the new building at 155 Tremont street, on the 23rd of December, having continued their business without a day's interruption, at 155 Tremont street. The new building has a granite front, and was specially fitted up for them, and their every department is complete, and the building is a system which distinguished their former establishment. The warehouse is 25 by 100 feet in area, and has six floors and a total floor space of 21,000 square feet. In addition they have outside establishments for manufacturing purposes, one of which includes large areas for the drying of goods. With these ample facilities they are ready to fill all orders in their various departments, and to receive and ship goods, with their usual promptness and efficiency, and we trust that all their old friends, and hosts of new ones, will call and see them.

**CREDIT MOBILIER.**—A private company was somewhere chartered entitled the Credit Mobiler of America, and that private company was somewhere chartered. A lot of active members of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, some of them country gentlemen, and some of them stockholders of the Credit Mobiler, were either evicted or can be obtained; these gentlemen proceeded to make contracts with themselves; that is to say, the same gentlemen associated as officers of the Union Pacific Railroad, and the Credit Mobiler of America, to construct the Union Pacific Railroad at enormous prices, which absorbed both the Union Pacific and the Credit Mobiler. With these ample facilities they are ready to fill all orders in their various departments, and to receive and ship goods, with their usual promptness and efficiency, and we trust that all their old friends, and hosts of new ones, will call and see them.

**THE** Selectmen held a meeting Monday evening, at which bills were approved, and questions of land damage considered. The usual business of closing up the financial year of the town was transacted.

**FROZEN.**—Monday forenoon a woman was found in an outbuilding of the church in Belmont, with her lower limbs partly frozen. Medical attendance was summoned and upon recommendation she was carried to the Mass General Hospital. When found she was in a semi-conscious condition and gave the name of Margaret Silver.

**HAPPY NEW YEAR.**—1873 was pleasantly inaugurated by the children of the Unitarian Society on Wednesday evening. The gathering which was a large one took place in the vestry. The exercises consisted of music, a pantomime called "The Dancing Barber," and a supper. It was a very enjoyable affair and the source of much amusement to the children.

**ACCIDENT.**—Last week Friday, a child aged four years, and son of Mrs. Mary O'Brien, met with an accident which proved fatal. The mother had emptied hot water from a boiler into a tub and was engaged in wiping the boiler when hearing a noise, she turned and found that the child had fallen into the tub. The unfortunate child was taken out at once, but it was too late. It was so badly scalded that death ensued in a few hours.

**LECTURE.**—The closing lecture of the Young People's course was given last Monday evening by Rev. J. D. Fulton of Boston. Subject—"The force that wins." Previous to the introduction of the lecturer, the Chairman of the Lecture Committee stated that the announcement in the *Middlesex Journal* of the last week, that the lecture would be upon "Edwin M. Stanton," was unauthorized by any of the committee. In reply to this gentleman's pointed allusion, we would say that at the close of the previous lecture, one of the committee came to us and said it was thought the lecture upon Mr. Stanton would probably suit better, and as Mr. Fulton was willing to substitute, the change would be made. This was our authority for the notice given, and if some of the audience were led to come that evening in consequence of the announcement given by us of the proposed subject, we can only say that we regret that the change was not made for ourselves as well as for them. Mr. Fulton's views, as advanced by the lecture given, were that "character, culture and capacity," or, as embraced in one word, "education," is the force that wins. This he illustrated very copiously by reference to the examples of those who have made their mark in the world's history, and who gained their pre-eminence by these forces. The lecture was quite lengthy, but was an earnest and impassioned appeal for a higher culture and a nobler aim on the part of our young men and women; that by it only can they gain true success and lasting happiness. It was the greatest men that in the last years of their lives devoted the most valiantly, and did the most effectual service, because they knew the value of the blessings for which they were contending. So in every department of science or mechanics, it is those who are educated that make the most progress in them.

**SNOWED IN.**—A large number of men from this town, W. W. turn and Medford were snowed out of their homes on Thursday night of last week. Many an anxious wife kept weary vigil through the long hours of that wintry night, waiting for the return of her liege lord, but who, forsooth, was quietly reposing in comfortable quarters, or engaged in some pleasant way in the city, beguiling away the time which hung so heavily upon him when absent from his beloved spouse and his distant home. The American home resembled a good sized cactus, and business might have been readily transacted, and perhaps to better advantage than usual. Those who got there late had to put up with some temporary arrangements as could be made, but the poorest were far better than waiting in depot or cars through many hours and perhaps all night. We learn of one young man who walked from Cambridge to his home in this town on that evening, a very imprudent thing if it was successful.

**S. S. CONCERT.**—Rev. Mr. Barnes, of Woburn is expected to address the Unitarian Sunday School at their concert tomorrow evening.

**R. R. ACCIDENT.**—The 5 o'clock Lowell train from Boston Monday night, was drawn by two engines. The rear one broke an axle of her tender, near the Winchester depot, and there was a delay of half an hour, after which the train proceeded, having borrowed two cars from the 5.15 train. The 6 o'clock express left the track on reaching the place where the first accident occurred. This was caused by the rails having slipped and the first accident occurred. No one was injured either time, but cars, rails and platforms suffered some.

**West Medford.**  
**A PLEASANT OCCASION.**—The old year was joyously ushered out in West Medford. A party assembled at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Folson, on Harvard avenue, where music, dancing and the discussion of a most delectable supper helped to while away the hours till midnight, when there was an interchange of congratulations to the delight of everybody assembled. Mr. Folson and his estimable lady left nothing undone which could add to the comfort of their guests.

**Arlington.**  
**66** deaths in town during 1872.  
**72** There were 45 marriages returned to the Town Clerk during 1872, an excess of 11 over the number in 1871.

**BUSINESS CHANGE.**—Messrs. Bradley & Peirce have dissolved partnership, and hereafter Mr. L. Peirce will carry on business at the old stand.

**Friend Peirce** is attending the Legislature at present. His shoulders are broad enough to carry the responsibilities of the place.

**We** were pleased to meet one of the late small-pox patients on the street a day or two ago. He was bound to get well. No pest house for him.

**The** Selectmen held a meeting Monday evening, at which bills were approved, and questions of land damage considered. The usual business of closing up the financial year of the town was transacted.

**FROZEN.**—Monday forenoon a woman was found in an outbuilding of the church in Belmont, with her lower limbs partly frozen. Medical attendance was summoned and upon recommendation she was carried to the Mass General Hospital. When found she was in a semi-conscious condition and gave the name of Margaret Silver.

**HAPPY NEW YEAR.**—1873 was pleasantly inaugurated by the children of the Unitarian Society on Wednesday evening. The gathering which was a large one took place in the vestry. The exercises consisted of music, a pantomime called "The Dancing Barber," and a supper. It was a very enjoyable affair and the source of much amusement to the children.

**ACCIDENT.**—Last week Friday, a child aged four years, and son of Mrs. Mary O'Brien, met with an accident which proved fatal. The mother had emptied hot water from a boiler into a tub and was engaged in wiping the boiler when hearing a noise, she turned and found that the child had fallen into the tub. The unfortunate child was taken out at once, but it was too late. It was so badly scalded that death ensued in a few hours.

**NEEDED.**—To supply a want long felt we need a new depot in Arlington. The present one is unsightly, small and every way inconvenient. A town of the importance of Arlington deserves better depot accommodations. A neat, tasty structure, with large, well-lighted rooms, and modern improvements ought to fill the position occupied by the dingy, uncomfortable building now in use.

**I. O. O. F.**—On Wednesday evening the following officers were installed over Bethel Lodge, No. 12, by D. D. Grand Master Mark Leighton:—

Louis Houtetter, N. G.  
N. G. Perkins, V. G.  
James Wyman, Sec.  
Wm. L. Clark, Treas.  
W. H. Soles, Wagon.  
Geo. L. Pierce, Conductor.  
A. Frost, I. S. G.  
L. Lee, O. S. G.  
Theodore Schwamb, L. S. N. G.  
F. L. Poole, R. S. V. G.  
L. T. Crum, L. S. V. G.  
G. F. Bowers, L. S. S.  
L. M. Upham, L. S. S.  
James Gibson, Chaplain.

Trustees, Duncan McFarlane, Wm. L. Clark, Wm. H. Soles.

**ARLINGTON, December 31, 1872.**

**MR. EDITOR.**—Having read your account of the small-pox excitement in this town on the 14th inst., I feel it to be my duty as a citizen that the facts of the case should be more thoroughly understood, that the blame (if there is any) should be attached where it actually belongs. Your report goes on to say, that "the Selectmen having been notified that there were two cases of varioloid, etc., hastened to procure a suitable place for the patients." Now let us see what effects the Selectmen made in order to procure comfortable quarters for the unfortunate sufferers. In the first place they dispatched a messenger to Mr. Nathan Robbins to see if they could not get his house situated in the southeastern part of the town, and a very suitable place for the disease. They were unsuccessful in obtaining the consent of Mr. Robbins and resolved to send them to the almshouse. Here they were met by the opposition of Mr. Kimball, who gave them to understand that if they insisted on putting them there they would have to dispense with his services as keeper of the house. So rather than make a fuss, they concluded not to put them in the almshouse. Their wits were now put to a very severe test to know what they should do, and were only rescued from despair by the kindness of Mr. Rawson, who very magnanimously offered to let them take a house belonging to him. Immediately steps were taken to prepare it for the patients, but they were again disappointed by the determined opposition of Mr. Rawson, and the Selectmen being good-hearted persons, and not wishing to meddle in family matters, concluded they could find some place up High street where there wouldn't be any opposition, and if there was it wouldn't matter. So they concluded to take the Engine house, which is situated on the Main street not 10 feet from the sidewalk, and scarcely 100 yards from the school-house, where there are from 50 to 100 scholars, the greater number of whom would have to pass by the very door of this would-be pest house going to and from school, completely surrounded by dwelling houses and factories, some of which are not 30 feet from it.

This then was deemed by the Selectmen to be the most suitable place to confine the small-pox, and they forthwith made preparations to install the patients. The people living in the immediate vicinity became very much alarmed, not needlessly so, for who, for who there amongst us would want a disease like the small-pox brought unnecessarily into our very midst. The inhabitants then becoming more and more excited, hastened in a body to the office of the Selectmen and there pleaded and almost begged of them not to bring the sad disease into a perfectly healthy district. What was the result? The Selectmen, who were told that they had made up their minds to put them in the Engine house and there they must go. But this was not all, one of the honorable board of Selectmen went still farther and said they should be put there if it had to be done by the force of arms. Infamitely at the same time by patting his breast pocket that there were two six shooters there he would like to empty. A very appropriate remark this for one of the Fathers of the town to make to an excited people, and would have made a very good excuse for starting a riot had the people been so inclined. But they were not so inclined, they were suing for justice and were denied it. Now let us see how consistent the Selectmen were in this small-pox excitement. In their first efforts to procure a suitable place for the unfortunate sufferers they were presented three different times by the remonstrance of a single individual called to give up places that were better suited for their purpose than the Engine house in every respect, both in location, convenience and comfort. Thus they listened to the objections and complied with the wishes of Mrs. Rawson Mr. Robbins and Mr. Kimball. How was it on the other hand? When the citizens of the upper part of the town remonstrated against the Selectmen making a pest house in one of the most thickly populated parts of the town, the only satisfaction given them was that the honorable Board of Selectmen had decided it was their duty to do so as they had no other place to put them, and that they would do their duty at all hazards. This seems very singular to me and is something we cannot understand, so will leave it to the public to unravel. It was their duty to make a pest house of the Engine house, but it was not their duty to use the almshouse for the same purpose.

**H. S. CITIZEN.**  
**A BIG WHISTLE.**—There is nothing like a big whistle. It is a substitute for something real, wind as it is. A good many folks like one. Towns like them, too. There is nothing like wonder, something to create a stare. Arlington just now has more whistles than power to blow fear. Her water works, all right so far, and to remain so if the sky falls are taken in, and the enterprise has time to get seasoned and show its real base. The town has enjoyed a first class scare—small-pox, and small-pox to homeless people is a bad fix. So thought the town, and the town decided, debated in great gravity; heavy men rode about when the sun had gone down, when they got up; they talked and played with the solid men of the town to give them a tennement for a hospital, but it availed naught; but a lucky thought came to them of a sudden—hope the poor old horse didn't break the breathing. This was that lucky thought, and it was masterly. "There is our thirty thousand dollar burying-ground, hemmed in by a

swamp on one side, the dearest bought swamp in the county, and with what one gentleman called Goose Factories, on the other side, and not a single tenant, that's our salvation. Thither we'll build our small-pox hospital," and it was built faster than a boy could build a cob house, and about after the similitude of said edifice. The poor patients must by some invisible means have got hold of the specifications of the architect, for all of them resolved that they would die, in other words they respectfully declined to patronize the very human structure and freeze to death, though built expressly for them, and they got well. Good. Poor as we are, a kindly neighbor's barn, within sight and hearing of a kindly voice, with certain death before us, would be preferable to a week's residence in the small-pox hospital, down in that big whistle, thirty thousand dollar lot dedicated to death, when the town can raise money enough to fence it. If I am poor, I am long to humanity, and if I'm sick I'm not unlike rich folks, a little sympathy for me makes the entry to death, oh, how pleasant, poor folks know as well as rich.

**WHEELBARROW AND SPADE.**

**Lexington.**

**PARTY.**—The party Wednesday evening was a good one, the attendance being quite large.

**STREET.**—The street surveys were a few days ago with new snow plows, which worked like a charm. There were two, one for each village, and so we expect to have our sidewalks kept clear.

**SUNDAY LECTURE.**—The next lecture in the vestry of the Unitarian Church, on the book of Revelations will be given next Sunday evening, at 7 1/4 o'clock. Subject, Chapters 42 and 13.

**RUNAWAY.**—A horse belonging to A. F. Gould ran away Thursday, through Main street, while attached to a sleigh, in which were Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Saville and daughter. They were thrown out but not injured. The horse was not quite severely upon the leg.

**BREAKS.**—Broken rails are in order now. The 7.10 train from Boston Thursday morning, found one at East Longton, and the 6.10 train, Friday morning, also found one just below Peirce's Bridge. In both cases the conductor was able to halt it through.























## MILITARY HISTORY OF WOBURN.

WOBURN NATIONAL RANGERS.  
CHAPTER XIX.  
Fall Campaign to Mine Run.

Some brave and true generals there were, who did not claim all the credit to themselves, but awarded the private soldier his just dues, in success, like our great general and illustrious president, U. S. Grant, while others in misfortune, and defeat, took the blame and responsibility upon themselves, as in the case of that true and noble, but most unfortunate soldier, A. T. Burnside, whom in spite of his confession, the boys loved, honored and trusted, then, and none the less now, who, perhaps, took the blame upon himself, which impartial history will yet fix upon his unfortunates, some of whom to day traduce him, when in private life. But he only stands out the more clearly in contrast to those, and his reputation as a soldier and patriot will grow brighter and brighter as years roll by and the true history of the war, with all its secrets exposed, shall be written. Another example of a true and conscientious soldier and patriot is that of Gen. Geo. G. Meade, a worthy commander of a public army, who held the safety of the lives of his men paramount to personal glory and aggrandizement, willing to suffer apparent disgrace and removal from high positions rather than do what he considered dishonorable. What better proof of this could be asked than the following, written to a friend at the North, and published, every word of which should be remembered by the people:

"I am fully aware of the great anxiety in the public mind that something should be done. I am in the receipt of many letters, some from persons in high positions, telling me I had better have my army destroyed and the country filled up with the bodies of the soldiers, than remain inactive. While I do not suffer myself to be influenced by such communications, I am and have been most anxious to do something, but am deterred from every effort to do so, by the fact that I have no judgment in the probability of accomplishing such object commensurate with the destruction of life necessarily involved. I would rather a thousand times be believed, charged with incompetency or tardiness, than have my conscience burdened with vain slaughter unnecessarily—of brave men, or having jeopardized the great cause by doing what I thought wrong."

As was to be expected, as soon as the Army of the Potomac was ordered into camp to enjoy a short season of inactivity and rest, the "wise heads" of Washington, who knew more about war than those at the front, began to look around to find some one to relieve the "Hero of Gettysburg" from command of that army. It was then a chance was made, as it would not do for the Army of the Potomac to be under any general more than three months at a time, and besides that army, was then serving under a commander, who, as before, seemed to have a "backbone" enough to act as his conscience and judgment dictated. These patriots, anxious for slaughter (they were sure to keep out of harm's way), and never retiring at night with a calm mind, unless the daily papers were full of long lists of killed and wounded, began to discuss the chances of his removal, and his successor, knowing full well that a new commander would at once try his fortune and risk his reputation by bringing on an engagement, when their taste for blood could be satisfied. The following extract from the press of that time, will tell the whole story:

"The quidnuncs are busy, speculating who will succeed Gen. Meade in the command of the grand army of the Potomac. Some advance the theory that Gen. Grant will be tempted by the glittering bait, so fatal to all who have accepted it. The best military critics do not consider the hero of Vicksburg calculated to measure swords with Lee, who is *par excellence*, a General for Virginia. Knowing much of it, Grant being, in their opinion, equally strong in a Western campaign. The inference these men would draw is that Grant's failure would kill him off as a Presidential candidate. It seems a most important to conceive such a programme. Next to Grant, is Banks, whose successes place him in a similar category (Red River campaign, however, not included). At a distance looms up Gen. Warren, and after him, Gen. Hancock, already able, successful and careful leader, both rendering invaluable aid to Gen. Meade at Gettysburg."

But all their fine plans were overthrown, and we were, for the remainder of the war privileged to serve under our commander, one whom we all trusted and respected, and one who never betrayed a trust reposed in him by Government, or proved unfaithful of the welfare, or carelessness of the lives of those entrusted to his skill and care—firm, calm and patient wherever placed.

On Thursday, Sept. 3d, in compliance with orders from Gen. Robinson, Division Commander, a close and rigid inspection of equipments and clothing took place conducted by him, which betokened an early move and the opening of a new campaign. Our Brigade now consisted of six regiments, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th N. Y., and 107th Penn., consisting in all of about 2000 men, of which the 30th reported about 550 for duty. Our anticipations of the opening of the campaign were strengthened by the fact that troops around us had been busy during the week, throwing up breastworks, and that our picket line had been thrown forward, met, however, by a corresponding advance of the rebels, so that they were in close proximity to each other, the slightest movement on either side being known at once.

In spite of our severe military discipline, as far as we were individually concerned, were it not for the continued unhealthiness of the weather, we would have enjoyed our camp at Rappahannock Station, as much as any we ever occupied. Flavored with visits from friends of other regiments, whose presence ever kept our minds in a healthy and buoyant condition, allowed the privilege of bathing—the best preventive of disease, after all, and supplied with an abundance of rations of all kinds, and with regular mails, our lot was not so hard after all, for soldiers.

(To be continued.)

Spare no pains in beautifying your homes and improving the roads that lead to them.

What fruit is the most visionary? The apple of the eye.

## LUCK AND PLUCK.

There is, undoubtedly, such a thing as good fortune, and there is, it may be admitted, such a thing as bad luck; but he succeeds who makes things turn out as he wishes, and he fails who jolly waits. Men toil sometimes for twenty years, and another steps in to reap the fruits of their toil. They seem born under an evil star, and everything goes wrong with them. Admitting these cases, to sometimes occur, to come to the hard pan of my subject, in the long run success in life can be reduced to a science. He touches the goal and reaches the threshold of the highest success who labors truly and earnestly. This is the universal law—if you obey it, whether you disobey it, ill; you cannot dodge it.

There is more incentive to labor in America than elsewhere, because the highest success is within the reach of all. When, in England, a poor man sees a duke ride by in state, he envies him as one to whose position he can never aspire. When the rich man here rides by with his four-in-hand, the Yankee boy says: "Very well for an old man; I'll have six horses when I'm as old." There is something in the atmosphere of America which nourishes a lofty ambition, and it is the honest work of honest hands and honest brains which tells in this glorious country. See these men of every age, who look at the broad procession of those who have made us, and as we gaze upon their giant proportions, a voice comes to us, saying: "Not one of us is so great but you may be greater." I have the minimum belief in genius; I have the maximum faith in work. Every man and woman is a hero once in their life. He would be a hero always—it is in him, and only needs constant effort to bring it out. Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, are as nothing to the men and women who are bearing heavy burdens and doing God's will silently and quietly in the midst of poverty and sorrow. Throughout the world there are unknown heroes, who shall be acknowledged some day, and who, when measured by the side of those we call great, shall be found to be greater still. There are two elements in the science of success. If you want to get on in life in the highest and best sense, the first requisite is honesty. During the fifteen years that I have been in public life, I have seen men come up and go down, and have found that the honest man is the only one who succeeds in the long run—sooner or later, devility goes under. Watch the progress of events in this city, which has witnessed the most remarkable phenomena of modern times. Ten years ago low men began to climb; their Gospel, and law and practice was—Dollars will buy everything; therefore they got dollars. They bought a legislature, and to make this thing a dead certainty, they made their own laws. They bought up judges, bought up their judges. Apparently they had the game in their own hands. No, they didn't, the Lord had the game in his hands. One is dead, one is in Europe, and a great many more wishing they could get there. Their power is utterly and hopelessly broken. If you want to get on in life you must be honest and true, but you must be plucky as well. How few there are who stand up and fight it out with their teeth gripped close together! If you are dead, like the Irishman's turtle, don't be "sensible of it." Be like the India-rubber ball, which rebounds higher the harder it is thrown down. That's manhood—that's pluck. You must not believe in luck, but believe in yourself. There may be such a thing as luck lying around loose in some corner of nature, but the chances are ten thousand to one that it will not fall to you. Make an intelligent plan and work for it with an honest purpose, a manly heart, and a will of nerve, of determination, of grit.

WHAT IS IN THE BEDROOM?—If two persons are to occupy a bed-room during the night, let them step on a weighing scale as they retire, and then again in the morning, and they will find that their actual weight is at least a pound less in the morning. Frequently there will be a loss of two or more pounds, and the average loss throughout the year will be a pound of matter, which has gone off from their bodies, partly from the lungs, and partly through the pores of the skin. The escaped matter is carbonic acid and decayed animal matter or poisonous exhalation. This is diffused through the air in part, and part absorbed by the bedclothes. If a single ounce of wood cotton be burned in a room it will so completely saturate the air with smoke that one can hardly breathe, though there be only an ounce of foreign matter in the air. If an ounce of cotton be burned every half hour during the night, the air will be kept continually saturated with smoke, unless there is an open door or window for it to escape. Now the sixteen ounces of smoke thus formed is far less poisonous than the sixteen of exhalations from the lungs and bodies of two persons who have lost a pound in weight during the night. The smoke is taken into the lungs, the damp odors from the body are absorbed both into the lungs and into the pores of the whole body. Need any more be said to show the importance of having bed-rooms well ventilated, and of thoroughly airing the sheets, coverlets and mattresses in the morning, before packing them up in the form of a neatly-made bed?

One of our foreign citizens appeared at the city clerk's office a day or two since, for a marriage certificate. The usual questions as to the name of the lady, &c., were asked, and as she had been married twice before, the bridegroom expectant was somewhat stumped with the question as to the bride's maiden name. Her eyes were easily got over with the statement that "she was old enough to be tender."

Other queries receiving equally unsatisfactory answers, the certificate was refused, and Michael turned away disappointed. In the entry was a friend waiting, and the following colloquy between them was overheard:

"Well, Mike, did ye get it?"

"Begorra, no, Pat, the man took me for a Catechism."

The imprudent man reflects on what he has said—the wise man on what he is going to say.

## THE BOATS OF SHIPS-OF-WAR.

When a ship-of-war is commissioned, crews are appointed to fill all the boats, and are selected according to their uniformity of size and weight, and soon become expert boatmen. A prudent commander, appreciating the value of boats, will keep shifting the crews from time to time until a whole ship's company may be trained alike in the management of boats. Now, as vessels of war pass the most of their time in port, there is ample opportunity to train the men; but that cannot be the case with merchantmen. In port, the men are employed discharging or taking in cargo or refitting ship, and if not previously accustomed to boats have no opportunity to learn. The magnificent steamers, which trade between this country and Europe are rarely a week in port, often no more than three days, and notwithstanding the fact that they carry thousands of passengers every week, we question whether they have men enough on board accustomed to the use of boats, to save even their own lives in case of a sudden disaster. The most they can do is to have the boats properly prepared and crews appointed to them. When the Concord steamers had long spells in port, their crews were regularly exercised, but now competition is so pressing that there is no chance for such precaution. The steamer Samaria, of that line, arrived here on Friday morning, discharged her cargo, took in a supply of coal, loaded with another cargo, and sailed again on Sunday, having been less than three days in port. What time could there be for exercising her boats under such circumstances?

But to return to ships-of-war and their boats. In 1862 the writer of this was one of the crew of the British ship-of-war, Gloucester, 74 guns, Capt. Coffin. She sailed from Gibraltar with a fair wind, bound for England, but when off Cabot Point, the wind suddenly died away, and she was driven ashore on the rocks and thumped heavily. There was no bottom on which to anchor, and there was not time to get the boats out to attempt to land. The crew of the British ship-of-war, Gloucester, 74 guns, Capt. Coffin, were all saved, but the ship was wrecked, and the crew were driven ashore on the rocks and thumped heavily. There was no bottom on which to anchor, and there was not time to get the boats out to attempt to land. The crew of the British ship-of-war, Gloucester, 74 guns, Capt. Coffin, were all saved, but the ship was wrecked, and the crew were driven ashore on the rocks and thumped heavily. 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Vol XXII.

WOBURN MASS., SATURDAY JANUARY 18, 1873.

No. 18.



A valuable Indian compound, for restoring the health, and for the permanent cure of all diseases arising from impurities of the blood, such as Scrofula, Scrofulous Humor, Cancer, Cancerous Humor, Erysipelas, Canker, Salt Rheum, Pimples and Humors on the Face, Ulcers, Carbuncles, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Pains in the Side, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Constipation, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Piles, Hemorrhoids, Nervousness, Pains in the Back, Fatness at the Navel, Kidney Complaints, Female Weakness, and General Debility.

This preparation is scientifically and chemically combined, and so strongly concentrated from roots, herbs and barks that its good effects are realized immediately after commencing to take it. There is no danger of the blood becoming impure, as the VEGETINE cannot be used with PERFECT SAFETY, as it does not contain any metallic compound. For restoring the system of all impurities of the blood, it has no equal. It has been found to effect a purifying and strengthening of the system, debilitated by disease. Its wonderful effects upon these complaints are surprising to all. Many have been cured by the VEGETINE that have tried many other remedies. It can be used with perfect safety.

**THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.**  
Prepared by H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.  
Price, 25 cts. Sold by all Druggists.

**JOHN R. CARTER**  
Civil Engineer and Surveyor,  
Surreys, Plans and Divisions of Estates accurately made, Route located, Graves established, &c. Also attending to all  
**CONVEYANCING.**  
OFFICE, No. 168 MAIN STREET.  
Monday and Thursdays, 7 to 9 P. M., and at all other times when not engaged on outside work.

**FRED. GAGE,**  
House Painter, Grainer,  
AND GLAZIER.  
ALL KINDS OF COLORS MIXED, PAINTS, PUTTY AND GLASS HAND AND FOR SALE.  
Blinds furnished, Painted and Hung to order.  
Shop Rear of M. E. Church, Walnut Street, Woburn Centre.

**E. K. Willoughby,**  
HOUSE & JOB CARPENTER,  
Walnut St., Woburn.  
Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as to price, quality and work.

**CENTRAL HOUSE**  
Livery, Hack and Boarding STABLE.  
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.  
G. F. JONES, Proprietor.

**JOHN A. BOUTELLE,**  
GENEALOGIST.  
BANK BLOCK,  
173 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.  
Genealogies traced and compiled. Family Registers engraved. Diplomas issued. Marriage Certificates written, &c.  
Office hours, Monday and Thursday afternoons. An Evening School will be opened THURSDAY, Nov. 14, 1872, at 7 o'clock. P. M. Continues on Monday and Thursday evenings, for instruction in Bookkeeping and Penmanship. Terms for 12 lessons, in advance, \$2 for Penmanship, for Bookkeeping, 10 cts.

**JOHN C. BUCK,**  
TEACHER OF  
PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN.  
Agent for Geo. Wood & Co.'s Cabinet Organs,  
Vestry of First Cong'l. Church,  
WOBURN.  
Refers to the following testimonials:  
WOBURN, August 9, 1871.  
I take pleasure in recommending Mr. John C. Buck, organist of the First Congregational Church, to any and every person who desires to purchase a first-class organ. As a teacher well qualified to give instruction in the Piano and Reed Organ, WILLIAM H. CLARK.

**SAMUEL RINN,**  
Fashionable Bootmaker,  
139 Main Street,  
Opposite the First Congregational Church,  
WOBURN.  
Repairing in all its branches promptly and neatly done.

**W. H. FOSTER,**  
Manufacturer of and Dealer in  
**FURNITURE,**  
OF ALL KINDS,  
No. 241 Main St., Woburn  
Upshoring and Repairing in all its Branches. Promptly Attended to.

**WILLIAM WINN,**  
Auctioneer,  
Burlington, - - Mass.

**THOMAS S. BANKS,**  
FLORIST,  
Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.  
Has constantly on hand, at his greenhouse, a fine supply of greenhouse plants.  
Bouquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short notice.

**QUINCY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
Cash Fund, Dec. 1, 1871, about \$500,000  
AND ALL LOSSES PAID.  
Dwelling Houses,  
Household Furniture,  
Farmers' Horses and contents,  
Churches, Stores and contents,  
And the safer class of Risks, insured on very favorable terms.  
All Losses Promptly adjusted and paid.  
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This Company has been in operation 20 years, has paid over \$500,000 in losses, and over \$500,000 in dividends to Policy holders. 50 per cent. dividends paid on all 3 years risks.  
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Also, Agent in Woburn, for the Sale of  
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And their celebrated Shears and Scissors.

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MR. FREEMAN is our recognized agent for Woburn, Stoneham, and adjoining towns. Persons purchasing the Singer Machine of Mr. Freeman will receive perfect satisfaction, guaranteed to them. All persons in said vicinity advertising themselves as agents for the Singer Machine, do so without our authority, and are not so recognized by us.  
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(Successor to Warren & Strout),  
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**STOVES AND HARDWARE,**  
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Constantly on hand every variety of Kitchen Utensils, Lamps, Lamp Shades, Cutlery, &c. Also, the best and best of Cook and Parlor Stoves ever displayed in town, embracing  
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All orders for Tin, Sheet Iron, Copper or Zinc Work will receive prompt attention.

**DR. C. T. LANG,**  
Dental Rooms,  
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Opposite First Congregational Church.

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Plants, Shrubs, Trees, Potted Plants, Wreaths, Bouquets, and Baskets of Cut Flowers.

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**M. ELLIS & CO.,**  
BUILDING MOVERS, STONE MASONS  
AND CELLAR BUILDERS,  
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Laborers furnished by the day. Having had an experience of twenty-five years in the Moving and Cellar business, we guarantee to give good satisfaction.

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**B. F. COLEGATE,**  
Is prepared to supply Eggs for Settling, of all the common or fancy breeds of Hens.  
Also, for sale, fowls of Buff and Partridge Cuckins, Dark and Light Brahma, Dominique, Plymouth Rocks, &c.

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The subscriber has removed to the new building, CORNER MAIN AND RAILROAD STS., where with improved light and increased facilities, he is prepared to make pictures of all kinds at reasonable prices.

Photographs, Berlin Heads, Cartes de visite, Porcelains (plain or colored), &c., &c., &c.  
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And dealer in TRUNKS, VALISES, TRAVELING BAGS, WHIPS, BLANKETS, SLEIGH BELLS, &c., &c.  
Finest Harness made from the best stock at the lowest prices.  
REPAIRING DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.  
213 Main St., opp. Central House, Woburn.

**JAMES LITTLE,**  
FUNERAL UNDERTAKER.

ROBES, CASKETS, AND COFFINS  
Furnished in the East Woburn Cemetery.  
All orders promptly attended to.  
242 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

## Poetry.

### THE LONG AGO.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river of Time,  
As it runs through the realm of tears,  
With a countless system, and a musical rhyme,  
And a broader sweep, and a surge and a roar,  
As it blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,  
And the summers like buds between,  
And the cars in the street, so they come and go,  
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,  
As it glides in the shadows and dawn.

There's a magical life in the river of Time,  
Where the softest of airs are playing,  
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,  
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,  
And the dunes with their roses are staying.

The name of this island is "Long Ago,"  
And we bury ourselves there,  
There are bows of beauty, pure bosoms like snow,  
Dear forms of dust, but we loved them so,  
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

And fragments of song that nobody sings,  
And a part of an infant's prayer;  
There's a late lover, and a lady without strings,  
Some broken vows and pieces of rings,  
And a mantle also used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy  
To our vision is lifted in air;  
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent  
Sweet voices—heard in the days gone before,  
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye, be that blessed Isle,  
And ever its beauty be bright,  
And when evening comes with its tranquil smile,  
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,  
May that Isle of repose be in sight.

**Selected.**

### SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

I had come back after an absence of nearly twenty-five years, to linger for a brief time amidst the old places made sacred to memory by childhood and youth. How familiar, and yet how changed in its familiarity was everything!—everything but the living who remained; and they were few, for death had been there as everywhere. I asked for this one and that one, as the thought of boyish friends came trooping back upon me, and the answer "Dead," was given so frequently that I felt as if a pestilence must have been there.

"What of Payson?" said I.  
"Oh, he's all right," came the cheerful answer of the old friend with whom I was conversing.

"How all right?" I inquired.  
My friend pointed to an elegant house standing in the midst of ornamental grounds that were adorned with fountains and statuary.

"He lives there," said he.  
I remembered him as a young man of small means, but industrious and saving. We had been tolerably intimate, and I had liked him for his amiability, intelligence and cheerful temper.

"Then he has become a rich man?" I said.  
"Yes, he is our wealthiest townsman; one of the most successful men in this region of country."

"Did he build that house?"  
"Yes, and its style shows how well his taste is cultivated. We feel naturally proud of Mr. Payson."

"Then he is liberal as a citizen, using his wealth in enterprises that look to the common good?"  
"Oh, as to that," was the reply, "he is like other men."

"How like other men?"  
"Thinks more of himself than he does of other people."

"And what of Melville?" I asked.  
"Henry Melville?"  
"Yes."

There was a change in my companion's countenance and manner that did not presage a good report. He shook his head as he replied.  
"Poor Melville stands about where you find him; never has succeeded well in anything."

"I am truly grieved to hear you say that. Of all my young friends, I valued him most."

"It is too true, and I am sorry for it that is his house." And he pointed to a plain white cottage, standing not far from the splendid residence of Mr. Payson, which made it look poor and almost mean in contrast.

"Strange diversity of fortune!" I said, speaking partly to myself. "Taking the two men as I now recall them, Melville most deserved success."

"He was an excellent young man," was replied to this; "but lacked force of character, I suppose, or some other really good of success. What, I don't really know, for I have not been very intimate with him for some years. He is peculiar in some things, and don't have a great many warm friends."

"Not so many as Mr. Payson, I presume."  
"Oh, no; of course not."

I was surprised at this intelligence. Of the two men, I carried in my mind far the pleasantest recollections of Melville, and was prepared to hear of his success in life beyond that of almost every other one I had left in my native place.

"What of Henry Melville?" I asked of another.  
"Oh, he's a stick in the mud," was answered coarsely, with an indifferent toss of the head.

"I am sorry that my old friend, Henry Melville, has made out so poorly," said I, speaking of him in a third direction.  
"The cause of success and failure in life are deeply hidden," was the answer I received. "Some men profess to be gifted with a clear sight in such matters, but I own to being in the dark. There isn't a homester or more industrious man in the world than Melville, and yet he doesn't get along. Five or six years ago he seemed to be doing pretty well, better

than usual, when his shop burned down, and he lost not only valuable tools, but a considerable amount of stock, finished and unfinished."

"Had he no insurance?"  
"Yes, but it was only partial, just enough to set him going again. Ten years ago he had a mill, and was doing, he told me very well, when a spring freshet carried away the dam and water-wheel. He had only rented the mill, and as the owner was in pecuniary difficulty, and involved at the same time in a lawsuit about this very property, no repairs were attempted, and he was forced to abandon a business that looked very promising. And so it has been with him all along. There ever comes some pull-back just as he gets fairly started on the road to success."

"How does he bear his misfortunes?" I inquired.  
"I never heard him complain."

"It has been very different with Mr. Payson."  
"Oh, dear, yes, his whole life has been marked with success. Whatever he touches turns to gold."

The testimony in regard to the two men agreed in the general. One had succeeded in life, the other had not. I felt interested enough in both of them to get a nearer point of view, and so in virtue of old acquaintanceship, called to see them.

My first visit was to Mr. Payson. Was it because, like the rest of the world, I was more strongly attracted by the successful man? Have it so, if you will—human nature is weak.

"Will you send up your name?" said the servant, who showed me into a rather showily furnished office, where, it was plain, from the display of books and papers, that Mr. Payson met his friends who came on business.

I gave my name, and then waited for nearly five minutes before the gentleman appeared. I saw, the instant my eyes rested on his face, that he was in some unpleasant doubt as to the purpose of my visit.

"Mr. Payson," said I, warmly, as I arose and extended my hand.  
He pronounced my name, but in a tone guilty of pleasure or cordiality. The earnest pressure of my hand received no appreciative return. His fingers lay in mine like the senseless fingers of a sleeper.

I was chilled by his manner, and felt like retiring without another word. But having approached him, I was not willing to recede without reading him some care.

"It is twenty-five years since we met," I said, after resuming the seat from which I had arisen. "Time works great changes in all of us."

"So long as that," he responded, without interest.  
"Yes, it is twenty-five years since I went from the home nest, out into the world, an ardent, hopeful young man."

"And how has the world used you?" He did not look at me in direct aspect, but with a slightly angular range of vision, as if there were a selfish suspicion in his mind touching the object of my visit.

"I have no complaint to make against the world," I said.  
"You are a *rara avis*, then," he replied, with the ghost of a smile. "The first man I have met in a decade, who didn't rail at the world for treating him badly."

"Has it treated you badly?" I could not but smiling back into his face as I asked this question.  
"Yes; or at least the people in it. The world is well enough, I suppose; but the people! Oh dear! Every other man you meet, has some design upon you."

"Your experience has been more unfavorable than mine," I replied.  
"Then you are more fortunate, that is all I have to say."

I had been reading the face of this friend of my younger days attentively from the moment he came in. He looked older by forty years, instead of by twenty-five. But time had not improved his face as it does some faces. Every feature remained; I would have known him among a thousand; but every feature was changed in its stronger or feebler development. All that expressed kindness, humanity and goodwill had nearly died out while hard selfishness looked at you from every lineament."

"You have been fortunate," I remarked "as to this world's goods. Your garner is filled with the land's fatness." The reference did not seem wholly agreeable.

"When I went from this neighborhood you were a poor young man. I return, and find that you have heaped up wealth in rich abundance. Only the few are successful in your degree."

"Money isn't happiness," he replied, his hard, heavy forehead contracting.  
"No; but it may be made the minister of happiness," I said in return.

"Yes, I know. That is the common talk of the day," he answered in a kind of a growl. "But I find it the minister of evil."

"You surprise me. Rich men are not wont to speak after this fashion."

"Then they don't speak from their hearts, as I do."

"You have health and a beautiful home. These are elements of real happiness. He shut his lips tightly and shook his head.

"I have no sound health. Don't know what it is to have a pleasant bodily sensation. And as for the beautiful home to which you refer—"

He checked himself, and became silent, while a painful expression settled in his face.

"You have children?"  
"He lifted his eyes to mine with a questioning look, as if he thought me probing him."

"Yes," he simply answered.  
"Pretty well grown by this time?"  
"Some of them." He paused and then added, "And quite past me. Children,

like his manner grew suddenly excited. But he checked himself, with some confusion; then went on, "Children, sir!" stopped once more, as if in shame.

"Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them," said I cheerfully.

Payson merely shrugged his shoulders, and looked stolid and unhappy. I referred, in order to change the subject, to a topic of public interest. But his answers showed that he had no intelligent appreciation of a matter in which every man of thought felt a common interest. When I left him, after half an hour's interview, it was with the impression that, outside of money, he was the most unsuccessful man I had been my fortune to meet in this world.

In nothing besides money-getting had he succeeded. When I last saw him he was a cheerful, bright, hopeful, good-tempered young man. Now he was morose, gloomy, and dull of intellect, except in a single direction—a great money fungus, without any of the elements of a true and noble life.

Upon inquiry, I learned that while his children were young, he was so absorbed in his fields and in his merchandise that he had no time nor inclination to cultivate their morals or to win their love. In matters of no real moment as to the welfare of these children he would interfere with his wife's management of them in an arbitrary and tyrannical way; thus closing their minds against him, and destroying his influence over them for good. Badly managed, repressed unwisely in all directions, and unwisely indulged in others, they were growing up selfish, ill-tempered and exacting; cursing with discord his home instead of blessing it with love. And he, as I could learn, giving way to a morose temper, made their lives so uncomfortable as they made his. It was mutual antagonism, and under circumstances that precluded a separation. And here was my successful man!

"My dear old friend!" exclaimed Henry Melville, grasping my hand as he opened the door of his modest little home, and stood looking me in the face, his own fine countenance all aglow with pleasure.

"This is a surprise! Come in! Come in! And he drew me along the passage into a small parlor, the meagre furniture of which told the story of his limited means.

"When did you arrive? Where did you come from? Why, it's over—let me see—over twenty years since you were here, or at least since I have seen you here."

"Over twenty-five," said I.  
"So long! Is it possible? Well, how are you, and where are you? Tell me all about yourself. And the interest was sincere and cordial. "I must hear from you first," I answered, smiling back into his smiling face.

"You have not succeeded in getting rich, I see."  
"Not rich in this world's goods; but true success in life is not to be measured by gold. We start, in early manhood, with happiness as the end in view, and in most cases wealth is considered the chief means of securing that end. I own I have fallen into the error myself. But my successes have not been in that direction. Riches would have done me more harm than good, and so in mercy they have not been given. I struggled hard for them; I called them for a time the greatest good, or the chief means for attaining the greatest good. I was unhappy when disaster and disappointment came."

"But a manly philosophy sustained you," said I.  
"It was better called religion," he answered, his voice falling into a lower key. "I tried philosophy, but it wouldn't do; and so, in my weakness and pain, I went up higher, to the Strong for strength."

His face lighted up beautifully.  
"And found in Him a friend that sticks closer than a brother," I remarked.

"Yes, in truth. I am poor; but His are the cattle upon a thousand hills."

"You have children?" I said.  
"Yes, and good children, thank God. Loving children."

His eyes glistened as he spoke.  
And this was the man who had succeeded, this was the man of whom some spoke with envy, some with indifference, and some even with contempt as if he was of no account. But Payson was "all right!" I referred to Payson.

"Poor man!" was the reply. "I never look at him without a feeling of pity."

"He has succeeded largely."

"There is a difference of opinion about that," said Melville. "Some think he has failed miserably."

"He is rich."  
"Money, and in nothing else; and of all riches that comes with fewest blessings. If not accompanied with riches of the mind and heart, gold always curses its possessor. So I read in the book of human life. It has cursed Payson. I would not exchange places with him, taking his consciousness and state of mind, for the wealth of a thousand worlds. No! no! no!"

He spoke with earnestness.  
"I have seen him," said I.  
"Well, how did he impress you?"

"As to all that is worth living for, I should say with you that his life had been a miserable failure."

"And so are the lives of thousands," he answered, "whom the world points out as its most successful men. Get close to them; see them in their true individuality; in their homes, if you can, approach that rear, and you will see poor wrecks of manhood, bloated selfishness, tormenting itself with ill-nature, or mad with pain from some eating cancer of the soul that goes on, day and night, with its work of ruin."

I saw these two men frequently during the few days that I lingered in the old familiar places, and when I went away it was with no nicely balanced question in my thoughts as to which was the truly successful man.

A rural gentleman standing over a register in one of our stores attracted general attention to himself by observing to his wife, "Marlar, I guess I'm agoin' to have a fever, I feel such hot streaks a runnin' up my legs."

"Unexamined activity in cheese" is a neat way of putting an item in a market report. It is a mite suggestion.

### WAS THAT DOG MAD?

The promenade of Main street on an evening some weeks since, may recognize in the line below an incident that occurred just opposite the Central House, and which is thus told by one who was there as the experience of himself and lady.

TO MISS A \*\*\*  
I'll not forget your kind right,  
When you and I, the other night  
Chanced to big his dog to meet,  
As we were walking up Main street.

Just above us, a crowd of boys  
Were making fun and lots of noise,  
Because they tied an old tin ball  
Hard and fast to the big dog's tail.

The dog came yelping down the walk,  
People stopped and ceased to talk—  
Wondering what 'twas all about;  
While all the boys did laugh and shout.

I saw the dog coming fast,  
And we the first one to be passed;  
Stopping aside to pass him by,  
I looked for A \*\*\*, when—Oh my!

You'd crossed the walk to either side,  
Just where the dog did seem to glide,  
With frantic leaps and fearful noise,  
Beyond the reach of horri boys.

I fairly shivered to see my lady,  
Until I saw the danger pass;  
For we had gone upon the street,  
And "arm in arm" all dogs should meet.

But when this first one crossed our track,  
"Twas plain to see that you'd gone back  
Arm in arm and common cause,  
And had the dog right by the jaws.

All this took place so very quick,  
I scarce had time to think or speak;  
At least I beg the right of way,  
O, lady, I beg the right of way.

Danger passed, but not its scars,  
For you took up a night of fears;  
I thought your trip was to the moon,  
Unless it ended in a swoon.

And knowing then that they alarms  
Could best be quieted in my arms,  
To grasp thee quickly round the waist,  
I sprang up stairs in greatest haste.

Some distance up I overtook  
My dear, and was pained to look  
Into your face so pale and sad,  
As you cried out, "Was that dog mad?"

PROMPT CHANGE OF MIND.—A few days ago, a tall, rough looking mountaineer entered the Union Railroad ticket office at Denver, and through mistake, purchased a ticket for New York via the Kansas Pacific line, when he wanted to go over the Union Pacific. He did not discover this fact until after the ticket had been paid for, and on asking the agent to change it, the latter refused to do so.

"You won't change the ticket then, won't you?"  
"No, sir," replied the agent; "you have your ticket and I have the money for it and if you want a ticket over the other route, you will have to buy it."

Very quietly the stranger twisted his ticket into a small roll, very solemnly he drew from under his right coat-tail a six-shooter about the dimensions of a mountain howitzer, coolly and deliberately he stuck the twisted ticket into the muzzle of that six-shooter, and sticking the ugly-looking thing through the little square window of the ticket office, and almost into the agent's face, and speaking in a tone that left no doubt of his determination, said:

"Stranger, that's that ticket; take it yourself and change it, or by—J—I'll blow it clean through you!"

The ticket was changed immediately, and without any more words from the agent, and the mountaineer walked away, saying, "I just thought I could induce him to change his mind a little."

ON THE ROCK.—Once upon a time there lived a powerful king, who reigned over a large and fertile country. He had crowns, gold and pearls, and scepters of ivory and precious stones. His treasury was full of the costly things of the earth; tens of thousands of armed men were ready to obey his bidding, and his dominion extended from sea to sea. But without God's blessing worldly possessions are but an increase of care, and as this mighty monarch feared not God, he was dissatisfied and unhappy.

In the dominions of the king, there lived a certain dervish famed for abstinence, sanctity, wisdom and piety; and the king, willing to profit by the instruction of the holy man, paid him a visit. He found him in sackcloth, lying in a cave surrounded by high rocks on the borders of a wilderness.

"Holy man," said the king, "I come to learn how I may be happy."

Without giving any reply, the dervish led the king through the rugged pathways which led to the place, till he brought him in front of a high rock, near the top of which the eagle had built her nest.

"Why has the eagle built her nest yonder?"  
"Doubtless," replied the king, "that it may be out of the reach of danger."

"Then imitate the bird," said the dervish; "build thy throne in heaven, and thou shalt reign there unmolested and in peace."

Now, the king would willingly have given the dervish a hundred pieces of gold, if he would have accepted it, for the precious piece of advice. It may be as useful to you as to the king, for you are as much interested in being happy as he was.

As the eagle built her nest on the rugged rock, build your hope on the "Rock of Ages." As the dervish told me to tell you to "seek those things which are above, where Christ is seated on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things of the earth." Do this, and you will be above the reach of danger for time and eternity.



## Middlesex County Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1873.

The figures printed with the subscription name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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## HOW CANDY IS MADE.

Everybody eats candy and believes it good. Beecher advises it and says that good candy is one of the best things of life. It certainly is a great sweetener, and improves our taste if not our disposition. Few people, however, know how the candy of commerce is made. We all know how to make molasses candy, how to get stuck up with it, how to pull it, and how to eat it, but when it comes to sugar candy, we are literally stuck. Candy is manufactured in Woburn, and our readers may know how, we stepped into Oscar Hutchinson's the other day to observe the process. A good deal has been written about impure candies, and there are parties in New York who sell manufactured candies at lower prices than sugar is sold for. The candy makers in this vicinity, however, use only pure sugar in their business, and strange as it may seem, pure sugar and the coloring are the only ingredients, and all candies in the first stage of manufacture are exactly alike. To commence a batch of candy the requisites are a furnace, a copper kettle and white sugar. The sugar, say 15 pounds, is put in the kettle, a dipper of water added, and the kettle put over the coals to cook. The water is put in to melt the sugar, and as the temperature rises, the water passes off in the form of steam, leaving only the molten sugar. We will suppose that the common stick candy is to be made. It allowed to boil too long, the mass will granulate and return to sugar. To prevent this, a few grains of cream tartar is added, and when the thermometer indicates 320 degrees of heat, the copper is taken off and the sugar poured upon a marble slab to cool. Wishing to make striped sticks the workman detaches about one-tenth of the lump, and adds to it a teaspoonful of color. This color is composed of seven parts sugar and one part cochineal (which one of our doctors says is good for whooping cough). The large lump having partially cooled, is then taken by the workman, thrown upon a strong hook fixed in the wall and pulled and twisted. During this process, the mass which is the color of acid drops rapidly becomes white, and the work is continued till all the air is expelled and the color satisfactory. While the pulling is going on, a few drops of oil pepper-mint or any other flavor is poured on, and the oil soon leaves the lump. It is then removed to the working table. At one end is a heater, like the footlights on the stage, several gas burners coming up through the table, and a tin reflector gathering and throwing forward the heat. In front of the heater the white lump is kneaded into a three-cornered shape, say two feet long, the colored lump is drawn out and cut into three pieces of the same length, and one is joined to each corner of the large lump. The mass is then drawn out by hand, retaining the triangular form, until it is six or eight feet long, and the required thickness for sticks. It is then twisted and assumes the well known shape which is the joy of youth, and the cooling having proceeded, the sticks are broken off the required length, and the stick candy is ready for consumption.

Lobster candy is made in the same way, only differing in the manipulation of the color lump. If a letter or star, or any other shape is to be shown, it is formed of the color lump. For instance, a five pointed star is desired. The red candy is drawn out and cut into five equal sticks of the same length as the large lump. These five sticks are gathered and joined regularly. The white candy is flattened out, and then rolled about the red stick. The whole is then drawn out and moulded round with the hands enclosed in buckskin gloves, and the star shape is retained no matter how small the stick is drawn down. Other shapes can be as easily produced.

Ice cream candy is made by the addition of sugar in one hand and a knife in the other, and cuts off and drops the peppermint on the tin very quickly and dexterously. When cool, they are ready for market.

Drops that contain liquors or syrups, are made in moulds. The liquor is stirred into the sugar in the copper, and when the sugar is poured into the mould, the liquor it contains settles into the center, and as the sugar cools it is hermetically sealed.

Molasses candy is so mostly by name, as sugar is the principal ingredient. It is boiled the same as other candy, and the addition of a little saleratus gives it whiteness. The pulling of this kind of candy is not attended, in a candy shop, by so much difficulty, as was the candy pulling described by the graphic pen of Mark Twain.

Heartbound candy is the only kind where the flavor is added when the sugar is boiling. Drops and toys are made by machinery, and in large establishments, this is an important division of labor.

There are about 150 different kinds of candy, but they are all made in the same way, and only differ in the way they are worked. Mr. Hutchinson makes candy

for his store trade, which is considerable and also keeps on the road a wholesale wagon. We were glad to find that the candies so largely used are pure, that the process of manufacture is so simple, and to be assured that the use of this article of diet is not likely to be attended by any of those ill effects that in our younger days we had supposed followed the unhappy candy eater.

**LYCEUM.**—The entertainment of Tuesday evening was a grand success. The audience entirely filled Lyceum Hall. Rev. H. C. Townley presided, and stated that the next lecture would be given gratuitously by Rev. W. S. Barnes, of Woburn, and he bespoke for him a reception as royal as the offer was generous. Prof. J. W. Churchill was then introduced as "Woburn's favorite elocutionist," and well did he prove the truth of the statement. The first selection was from "Nicholas Nickleby," descriptive of the hero's entrance at Dotheboys' Hall, and his encounter with Mr. Squeers. Under the magic touch of the reader, the different characters were brought vividly before the audience. From Dickens the reader passed to Mrs. Stowe, and gave us in the words of "Sam Lawson," the "Minister's Housekeeper." This was rendered in a manner which convulsed his listeners with laughter. The best thing of the evening was "Poor Joe's last will and testament," being a scene from "Black House." This was very dramatic in its effect and was wonderfully produced. The feeble voice of Joe, growing weaker and weaker with each breath, we consider Prof. Churchill's greatest effort. Will M. Carleton's "Betsey and I are out," formed the fourth selection, and was succeeded by "Olive Twist," both of which were admirably read. The audience frequently signified their unequalled approval by interrupting the speaker with applause and laughter. Prof. Churchill is a prince of readers. His voice is one of almost unequalled flexibility, while his power of facial expression is something to be envied. To hear Churchill is to be satisfied.

**FATAL ACCIDENT.**—On Monday afternoon, Patrick Garvey of Medford, was killed in front of our office by a horse. His horse had been put up at Jones's stable, and as he backed him out and turned, the horse started. Garvey had one hand on the bit and the other on the shaft of the sleigh, and the yard being slippery, he was dragged in that position out into the street, where his sleigh struck another that was passing, and Garvey was thrown on his back, and his head crushed his skull in a fearful manner. The horse broke away and ran, and was captured on Scott street. Garvey was picked up and taken into the stable office, but did not speak, and died almost instantly. Coroner Porter was summoned and viewed the remains, but deemed an inquest unnecessary. Garvey was a horse keeper and had been employed by Mr. Jones in that capacity. He resided in Medford, where he leaves a wife and family.

**THE DOCTORS.**—By the courtesy of Dr. Clough at whose house they met, we were numbered with the party representing the East Middlesex District Medical Society on Wednesday evening. The different towns comprising the District were very well represented. We found the M. D.'s very genial body of men when together. Dr. Clough took excellent care of his guests, and the first Act passed off to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. After the supper, business papers were read by some of them, and we were very much interested in their contents. We paid the strictest attention while they were being read, and were greatly profited. We saved enough big words to stock a dictionary, and we shall know just what to do if we ever get into any of the scrapes described that night. But we don't mean to report what we heard. We had a good time, and so did the doctors.

**CONCERT.**—A very good audience assembled on Wednesday evening, Jan. 15, to hear the instrumental concert given by the N. W. Musical Association. The programme was varied, affording the band a fine opportunity to exhibit their skill, besides introducing piano duets by Miss Ida L. Jenks of N. Woburn and Mr. Z. B. Coles of Boston, and a violin solo by Mr. J. L. Savage of Boston. All the selections were given in such a manner as to receive the approbation of the audience. The band showed marked progress since last we heard them.

**DRAMATIC.**—The Medford Dramatic Society, by particular request, will give one entertainment in Lyceum Hall, Woburn, Wednesday evening, January 22, 1873, when they will play the popular domestic drama entitled, "Milk White," and the roaring farce of "Poor Pill-coddy." Parties wishing to secure the best seats in the Hall, should do so at once, as they are limited to a small number. Tickets for sale at S. Horton's, A. E. Thompson's and C. S. Adkins.

**MYSTIC HALL.**—It will be under a new management next season, the Mystic House and Park having been leased to Lou Morris, Esq. The house will be refitted and put in first-class order, and Mr. Morris will open the establishment on the 15th inst. The track is the fastest in the country, and might be made one of the most popular. Under the management of Lou it will undoubtedly prove a success.

**LYCEUM.**—Rev. Mr. Barnes has selected for the subject of his Lyceum lecture, the Life of Count Rumford. This is a subject in which Woburn has an interest, and we hope Mr. Barnes will be greeted by a large audience, who will be interested in the lecturer's views of the man whose character is so little understood.

**EIGHT CASES BEFORE JUDGE CONVERSE THIS WEEK.** Four are reported more fully elsewhere. W. J. Gillespie and Patrick Doherty for single drunks, paid \$3 and costs each. James O'Brien for second offense sent to the House of Correction; appealed. Thomas Connors for assault, \$3 and costs.

**BROKEN ARM.**—Monday evening Mrs. James Sheehan fell on the ice and broke both bones of the fore arm.

**RAIN.**—Our snow is rapidly leaving us, mild weather having assumed the right to reign.

## New Publications.

**THE WOODS AND BY-WAYS OF NEW ENGLAND.** is one of the most charming as well as elegant and valuable books of the day. It is by the well known and popular author of "Studies in Forest and Field," by Wilson Flagg. This is a work of much intrinsic merit; the descriptions are very minute, and always correct in detail. Where the author speaks of the New England elm, he does it with a graphic pen; you can almost see the graphic tracing of his subject wave even in mid-winter. Whatever he touches, he glides, and you rise from a perusal of this last new work of his, instructed and gratified to know that one author who has written an illustrated work upon the trees of New England, is a thorough master of his subject. This work is an elegant 12 mo., 482 pages, numerous illustrations, and is published by J. R. Osgood & Co.

**OLEOGRAPH.**—That is the name of a French oil chromo which is given away with the Christian Union. The subject of the picture is a little girl holding in her arms a puppy and a kitten, and the rest of the feline and canine family at her feet. She is the conservatory, and leans against a seat on which is thrown a wolf skin robe. The flowers, the petals, the bright eyes and beautiful form of the child form an ensemble which at once fascinates the beholder. It is called "Runaway and her Pets." M. E. Mosher and L. J. Palmer are canvassing for the UNION, which is one of the best newspapers in the land, and for three dollars you can have the picture and the paper.

**WHAT TO DO AND WHY.**—This little work is the result of many years' study and close observation of the author, Nelson Sizer. Long intimately acquainted with phrenology, by a careful comparison of the results of that education based upon those great principles, he has given us a complete epitome of the fitness of young men for the great work of life. No one can read this work without great benefit to himself, Mason, Baker & Pratt N. Y.

**P. B. BRICK PIONEER** is one of the geniuses of his time. He's got the worst kind of politics there is any account of, but he can get up an interesting paper, and his DEMOCRAT is always worth reading. He is a philanthropist and a temperance man, and whoever takes his paper will not be sorry. He sends it to subscribers for \$2.50, and also gives a chromo.

**MUSIC GIVEN AWAY.**—A specimen copy of Dexter Smith's paper, the leading musical journal, edited by Dexter Smith, author of "Ring the Bell softly," "Put me in my little bed," etc., etc., containing over one dollar's worth of beautiful music, will be sent free to any one on receipt of a two cent stamp. Address Dexter Smith, Boston.

**OUR YOUNG FOLKS.**—The February number is out. The interest in Jack Hazard continues, and there are several other very good papers. The young folks have a great friend in their namesake.

**ZEL'S MAGAZINE.**—The February number is at hand and quite pleasing. The articles are well illustrated. Price, \$2 a year.

**Rev. John F. Gleason**, formerly of Washington, D. C., was ordained over the First Congregational Church in Williamsburg on Tuesday last. The ecclesiastical council met at 11 o'clock, A. M. Rev. J. H. Bisbee of Huntington, was chosen moderator, and Rev. E. G. Cobb, of Florence, scribe. The examination of the candidate was eminently satisfactory. The ordination services were as follows: Opening services by Rev. A. M. Colton, Easthampton; Sermon by Rev. S. T. Seelye, of Easthampton; Ordaining Prayer by the moderator; Charge to the Pastor, by Rev. Gordon Hall, D. D., of Northampton; Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev. J. P. Kimball of Haysdenville; Address to the People by Rev. W. Parker, former pastor; and concluding Prayer by Rev. E. R. Thorndike, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Williamsburg. The newly ordained pastor has supplied the pulpit at W. for six months, and now settles with the people, at their unanimous request. Their house of worship, which has lately been remodelled, is one of the most attractive in the county. About a dozen churches were represented on the council, and it is seldom that ordination services of so high and satisfactory an order are held. This church has been organized more than a hundred years. It is now large and still increasing, and has the spirit and activity of youth.

**A LIBERAL OFFER.**—Elizur Wright offers a prize of \$1000 to the man who will first prove to the satisfaction of Prof. Pierce of Cambridge, or Prof. Bartlett, of the Actuary of the New York Mutual Life, that his new scheme of managing the details of the life insurance business is not "Saving's bank life insurance," is called correct, reasonable and equitable better than the system now commonly in vogue. The points of difference, being the points on which the proper management of life insurance mainly turns, are (1) how to ascertain the proper commission to agent; (2) how to assess the office on working expenses, including commissions in mutual companies; and (3) how to ascertain the equitable surrender value of a policy. Mr. Wright's challenge is certainly a liberal one, and the advocates of the old system of disposing of these questions, cannot well avoid meeting it.

**SELECTMEN.**—At the regular meeting Thursday evening last present, Mr. Allen and L. Thompson, Jr. Petition of J. B. McDonald and others for street lamps, received answer referred to the Supt. of Taxes. Several claims for abatement of taxes were made and acted upon. The following order was adopted:

**Ordered,** That all persons are hereby forbidden depositing ashes or other rubbish upon any of the streets of the town.

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK.**—At the annual meeting of the stockholders last Tuesday evening, the following Directors were chosen: J. B. Winn, John Johnson, H. Conn, E. D. Hayden, E. N. Blake, C. Bond, M. F. Wain, S. Nichols, W. T. Grammer.

**NEW CASE.**—A son of Sewall Taylor of Cummingsville, is sick with small-pox. He was attending the High School.

**ACCIDENT.**—Mary Nichols while coasting, broke her leg on Wednesday.

**SMALL-POX TRIALS.**—Geo. L. Hunt, his wife Sarah A. Hunt, and his son Joseph L. Hunt, were before Justice Converse Thursday afternoon, on complaints charging them with violating the orders of the Board of Health, in coming out of their house where John Murphy was sick and died with small-pox. Mr. Hunt pleaded guilty, and stated that he went out Saturday night and called on Major Bancroft, as he thought the doctor ought to see the sick man. Next morning when the man died, he went to notify Mr. Allen because he thought there was no alarm in it. Joseph pleaded guilty, and stated that he only went up to the doctor's to be vaccinated. Mrs. Hunt pleaded not guilty, and said she had done perfectly right, and just as she would do a thousand times again. She afterwards changed her plea to guilty, and said she had seven men to feed, and no one had been near her for three days and three nights, and it was absolutely necessary for her to go out. The Judge fined Mr. Hunt \$10 and costs, Mrs. Hunt \$20 and costs, and Joseph \$10 and costs, amounting to \$64.85.

**Dr. George H. Hutchings** pleaded guilty to a violation of the law requiring physicians to give notice to the Board of Health of small-pox cases. The doctor was technically guilty, having violated the letter of the law, although he obeyed the spirit of the enactment. He informs us that as soon as he was called to South-land, who died on Salem street, he declared the disease to be small-pox, and informed the people in the house that the Board of Health must be notified. He then sent a young man to Dr. Harlow to inform him, supposing that the Doctor, as Town Physician, was a member of the Board. It appears, however, that Dr. Hutchings should have notified the Chairman of the Board, E. W. Hudson, Esq., in person, and failing to do so, he violated the law. The doctor supposing he had done his duty, the Board having at once assumed the control of the case, thought nothing more of it and heard nothing more of it until Thursday when he was summoned to court. In view of the facts in the case, the Judge imposed \$50 and costs, the lowest fine allowed.

**At a recent meeting** of the Middlesex East District Medical Society the following expression was adopted:—Whereas, Edward Gage M. D., late of Paris has been removed by death, his associates and members of the Middlesex (Mass.) East District Medical Society, at its first regular meeting since the death of the said M. D., in the following expressions, and it is Resolved, that we hereby express our recognition of his distinguished professional character, and our appreciation of his loss; that we regard with sincere admiration those remarkable traits of character which gave him the genius to aspire to one dollar's worth of beautiful music, will be sent free to any one on receipt of a two cent stamp. Address Dexter Smith, Boston.

**Resolved,** that to the general manners of a perfect gentleman, Dr. Gage added a brain power, a mechanical dexterity and a fidelity of execution, that won him a high place in the practice and affections of a select clientele; that he ever cultivated a high estimate of the dignity and nobility of the medical profession, most of all, that he was a man of high principle, and a difficult and honorable department of surgery, along side of the trained skill of a city long known as one of the great centers of medical learning and mechanics.

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**Winchester.**  
**BAPTIST CHURCH.**—At the annual meeting of the First Baptist Society on Monday evening of last week, the following named officers were chosen:—Moderator, Salem Wilder. Clerk, J. L. Eldridge. Treasurer, Henry W. Hight. Standing Committee, Wm. H. Carleton, Andrew Pratt and Wm. H. Brewer. The report that the pastor of this society is to leave, is untrue.

**SMALL-POX.**—Clarence H. Kean, working for the Boston Ice Company, and living near Horn Pond, is sick with small-pox.

**MASONIC.**—The officers of William Parkman Lodge, F. & A. M., elected and appointed for the present year, were installed into their respective offices on Tuesday evening last, in due and ancient form, by Worshipful Past Master, Edwin A. Wadleigh, assisted by Wor. Bro. C. Henry Mosely as Marshal. The Lodge is offered for the year as follows: Alfred W. Quimby, W. M. Charles J. Follen, S. W. George W. Spurr, J. W. Cephas Church, Treasurer. John L. Parker, Secretary. Dennis B. Winn, Chaplain. Charles H. Dunham, Marshal. Thomas S. Spurr, Senior Deacon. Henry A. Munroe, Junior Deacon. Abram P. Palmer, Senior Steward. Roger Hanly, Junior Steward. James C. Johnson, Organist. John A. Frazier, Inside Sentinel. Joseph D. Sharon, Tyler.

**SLIGHT RIDE.**—Last Friday afternoon about 40 of our young folks chartered a large boat sleigh from Arlington, and started out for a ride. They were soon on the road to Brighton, where they enjoyed the pleasures of that well known thoroughfare, and about supper time swung round to the Spy Pond House. Here they partook of one of those repasts so welcome to sleighing parties, and then Charles Keith got out his musicians and the dancing began. One o'clock found the party ready to return, and they arrived home in good season Saturday morning, and all allowed it was a good time.

**REMONSTRANCE.**—The proposition of the town of Woburn to take a portion of our territorial limits, excited a good deal of feeling in the community, and a petition to the Legislature has been drawn up and very generally signed by our voters, remonstrating against the taking of the land, and asking to be heard in the matter when it comes up for consideration. It is stated that the Woburn authorities are taking surveys upon this subject, to include a large part of the north part of the town, as well as the mountain tract. Our little municipality can ill afford to lose any of its territory, which is now sufficiently small, and our neighbors had better ask to be annexed to our town, and then we shall have water and there will be no question about the rights of the different parties.

**STEAM FIRE ENGINE.**—The steam fire engine so long talked of, arrived in Winchester on Wednesday. It is a beautiful machine, resplendent with polished brass and steel work, nice to look at and hard to keep bright. It was set on the bridge on Washington street, and tried in the presence of the builder, Mr. Hunneman, and firemen from the adjoining towns. The day was cold and the hosemen had no easy task. The engine is called "Alex Mosely." The first trial 500 feet of hose, then 1000, and then two streams of 500 each. All new machinery works less satisfactorily the first than any other show, and in case of fire will give a good report. The steamer will be drawn by two powerful horses which will be kept at Frank Johnson's stable. The engine is in charge of an engineer, two firemen and a driver. The "Waldmeyer Hose Co., No. 1," have a large four-wheeled hose carriage, drawn by a horse. They have charge of the old engine house. The company comprises Capt. Blank and 20 men, and they looked very well on Wednesday in their red shirts and fire hats. The Winchester Fire Department is now in good condition, and Chief Engineer Oliver is able to put out his own fires, or give his neighbors a helping hand. May they have no calls except for parade.

**Reading.**  
**Crossing.**—vz. Candell's child, Mr. Ballard, Hancock street, Mr. Geo. Win. Ball, Elm avenue, a Mrs. Adams on the Lincoln road, and a young man at the residence of the late Cyrus Reed. When requested to do something to prevent people from visiting infected places, one of the Selectmen remarked, "If the neighbors did not interest themselves to prevent it, he did not know what the town authorities could do." They were finally pressed so hard that they issued a weak recommendation, when they should have made an order and put it in force. The safety of the people demands that the Selectmen should do their duty. By politely requesting the people of an infected house to remain at home, you show a kindly regard to their feelings, but the health and lives of the community are endangered unless the infected ones are obliged to remain isolated. The Selectmen know their power, the energy they have displayed in keeping the office proves that they can do things when they like, but to issue a circular like the one they have promulgated shows that in this case where they should be the protectors of the people they are unequal to the task. What they are afraid of we cannot say, but that they have not the courage to do their duty is evident in their circular, and this document proves them to be unworthy the position to which they cling.

**Arlington.**  
**DEAD.**—Mrs. Mary B. Hill, who died on the 9th inst., was the oldest person in town, being aged 92 years, 1 month, 10 days. She was the grandmother of Mr. W. H. Patten.

**BUSINESS CHANGE.**—Mr. Needham has discontinued his connection with Mann's Express. The route is now controlled by Messrs. Mann and Winn. Mr. Winn our readers will remember, and they will welcome him back to his old place.

**Friend Allen** is busy with his yearly reports. We find him at all times head over ears in statistics. We heard

the other day, rumors of his vacating the office of Town Clerk at the end of the financial year. We hope this is not true, for a drier gentleman and more trustworthy official, could not be found. May he live for years to occupy his present position. The town can ill spare him.

**REAL ESTATE.**—Dea Henry Mott has sold to Chas. H. Crane his residence and 11-2 acres of land on Arlington avenue, for \$10,000. Mr. M. agrees to open a court 35 feet wide on the easterly side of the lot, running back from the avenue, the depth of the lot, some 525 feet. This will open to builders 5 or 6 eligible sites for buildings. Without doubt in a few years the court will be cut through to Charlestown street.

**1810-1873.**—Sixty-three years ago to-morrow (Jan. 18th), occurred that extremely cold day, known in history as "Cold Friday." The day before this, Mr. William Adams, who lived in an old house situated where J. W. Pierce now resides, was in his field all day long plowing, the weather being warm and very pleasant. The next day was the severe one alluded to, making rather a sudden change of weather. So says Mr. Albert Allen, who remembers both the days well.

**FOUND PARTY.**—The Universalist society had a nice time at their Found Party on Wednesday evening. The pleasant faces on every side betokened the enjoyment each and every one was feeling. The supper was excellent, and the auction sale lively and productive of much fun. The packages, each weighing a pound, brought prices ranging from 50 cents to \$10. This latter price was paid for what proved to be when opened, a baby's rattle and one or two toys, while Hostetter's Almanacs sold for 75 cents a pound. The bidding was quite spirited, and under the management of Mr. B. Poland, good results were obtained.

**LECTURE.**—The last lecture was given by Rev. Dr. Hill of Waltham, on Thursday evening, Jan. 9th, upon the subject, "Passage of the Straits of Magellan." The lecture contained much that was instructive, but owing to the manner of delivery was not of the interesting kind. Scientific problems, duty theories, constitutional history or geographical explorations (save those of Stanley) fail to prove entertaining as subjects of lyceum lectures. People desire amusement and variety and will patronize them. The committee speak of receiving encouragement from Prof. Churchill. Get him by all means. He will fill the house as he is the best reader we have.

**QUERY.**—What was the intention of the town when it voted to have the reports of town officers for the past year circulated with the warrant for the March meeting, and at a later meeting chose a board of two auditors? Was it not that the reports should be prepared and properly audited before presenting—else how would the town wish to accept an unaudited report? Yet the Auditor is told by the Chairman of the Board of Selectmen that they shall make a detailed report to the town and that they will require the books and papers until about the time for the meeting (too short a time for the Auditor to go over everything) and if any one wishes to examine their accounts afterwards, the Board has no objection. Has not the Auditor a right to demand a proper time for examination? In other towns the accounts are audited once a month and things kept ship-shape. We make this statement because the Auditor told us he did not know as there would be any Auditor's report this year.

**MEMORIAL HALL.**—As each day draws to a close, we are nearer to the Centenary of the 19th of April, and it becomes every citizen who has a pride in the name of Lexington to consider if something cannot be done to fill the two remaining niches in the Memorial Hall. We think that about eight hundred dollars added to the funds on hand, would fill one niche, and we wish to propose to the inhabitants the idea of inaugurating some affair by which this amount can be raised. We have begged until we are ashamed or ought to be, and why not do something ourselves. We have in mind a Grand Fair to which everybody shall contribute and then to which, everybody shall go, great and small. Let us have a first class entertainment, offering variety to suit all tastes, and we cannot but think it will net us a handsome sum. The church society always clear five or six hundred dollars, and why not double the amount where both churches unite. A fair to which everybody is invited, an old-fashioned, good time. We shall be the better for it and half the work will be done, while the satisfaction of having done it ourselves, will start us on the remaining half with new spirit and zeal. Think it over, talk it up and act upon it.

**SMALL-POX.**—It is very evident that the Selectmen are not equal to the present emergency. While other towns have taken preventive measures in regard to the spread of the disease which is abroad in the land, they are practically doing nothing. On Monday morning of this week, eight cases were reported, three at Mr. Sim's on the turnpike where the man died two weeks ago, one at the "Crossing," viz. Candell's child, Mr. Ballard, Hancock street, Mr. Geo. Win. Ball, Elm avenue, a Mrs. Adams on the Lincoln road, and a young man at the residence of the late Cyrus Reed. When requested to do something to prevent people from visiting infected places, one of the Selectmen remarked, "If the neighbors did not interest themselves to prevent it, he did not know what the town authorities could do." They were finally pressed so hard that they issued a weak recommendation, when they should have made an order and put it in force. The safety of the people demands that the Selectmen should do their duty. By politely requesting the people of an infected house to remain at home, you show a kindly regard to their feelings, but the health and lives of the community are endangered unless the infected ones are obliged to remain isolated. The Selectmen know their power, the energy they have displayed in keeping the office proves that they can do things when they like, but to issue a circular like the one they have promulgated shows that in this case where they should be the protectors of the people they are unequal to the task. What they are afraid of we cannot say, but that they have not the courage to do their duty is evident in their circular, and this document proves them to be unworthy the position to which they cling.

**Arlington.**  
**DEAD.**—Mrs. Mary B. Hill, who died on the 9th inst., was the oldest person in town, being aged 92 years, 1 month, 10 days. She was the grandmother of Mr. W. H. Patten.

**BUSINESS CHANGE.**—Mr. Needham has discontinued his connection with Mann's Express. The route is now controlled by Messrs. Mann and Winn. Mr. Winn our readers will remember, and they will welcome him back to his old place.

**Friend Allen** is busy with his yearly reports. We find him at all times head over ears in statistics. We heard

the other day, rumors of his vacating the office of Town Clerk at the end of the financial year. We hope this is not true, for a drier gentleman and more trustworthy official, could not be found. May he live















## Middlesex County Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1873.

The figures printed with the subscription name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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## OUR DAILY BREAD.

The butcher, the baker, and the candy-stick-maker are often in the thoughts of the average mortal, the first two as often as three times a day. We have described the first some weeks ago, and last week inducted our readers into the mysteries of candy, and now we will tell them a little about bread making. We are indebted for our data to Mr. G. W. Dearborn, of the firm of Carter & Dearborn. The first things noticed on entering the bakehouse are some large wooden troughs in which the bread is mixed. There are two ovens and two furnaces. Sometimes the ovens are heated by fatags being set on fire in the oven, and at others by fires in the furnaces, according to the kind of bread desired. There are two machines in use at the Woburn bakery, namely, a "breaker," consisting of iron rollers used to knead or "break" the dough, and a cracker machine. These machines are run by steam power which is supplied from Buel's machine shop.

The first requisite of bread is flour. Family flour differs in many respects from the flour used by bakers, that of the latter being tougher. It is better flour, that is it makes better bread, but it cannot be kneaded as the dough for family use usually is. After flour comes the yeast. Of this ingredient there are two kinds, stock yeast, and "ferment" yeast. The latter is what we see in the numerous boys and girls conveying home from the "yeast house," in the early evenings of pleasant weather. Stock yeast is composed of malt, hops and water,—3 ounces of hops, 1 quart of malt, and a pair of water. Ferment yeast is made of 6 quarts of stock yeast, 10 pounds of flour, and 2 pails of potatoes, and water enough added to make six pails full.

One-third of a barrel of flour is put into a trough, and a pair of yeast and a pair of water added, the mass stirred together and allowed to set six hours. This is called "setting the sponge." At the end of that time, a pair of water and a pound and a half of salt is added, the sponge is kneaded, and "scaled off." This term refers to weighing the dough. All loaves are weighed out 17 ounces and taken 4 ounces. The lumps of dough are rolled as they are scaled and rounded up, or kneaded, and put in boxes where they remain an hour, it taking about that time to get them into the loaves, and the work of punning those first put in commences. It takes about the same time to put them in the pans. These are of sheet iron, 4x20 inches, and will contain 30 loaves or 50 rolls. The oven is heated, the pans put in, and in three-fourths of an hour the loaves are ready for delivery.

The work on the sponge begins at 6 o'clock in the evening. At midnight the dough is made. The fires are built at 2 and the loaves put in at four. The drivers can begin to load up at 5 o'clock, and customers living in the vicinity of the bakehouse may have hot rolls for breakfast.

Brown bread and beans is an institution peculiar to New England, and Woburn can hold her own with her sister towns on these essentials. Our bakery cooks 150 pots of beans of a Sunday, and the same number of loaves of brown bread. Brown bread is composed of one-third rye, two-thirds Indian. The usual batch contains also one pair water, one quart yeast, two quarts molasses, three ounces salt, three ounces saleratus. It is mixed and put in conical pans with covers, a loaf in each pan, and allowed to bake twelve hours on a slow fire.

Four barrels of flour are consumed daily in the manufacture of crackers. The sponge is laid at eight in the morning, and remains till noon. It requires two pails of water and one of yeast to mix. At noon it is stirred over with another pail of water, and at 6 in the evening, it is made into dough and the "shortening" added. It is then left for twelve hours, when it is weighed out in hundred pound lumps and saleratus added. It is then "broken" by the machine for that purpose, run through the rolls several times till it assumes the consistency required. It is then laid in the trough an hour, and then "formed" to run through the cracker machine. When it runs through the breaker the last time, it is formed and doubled together, and this double shape it retains and when baked the two parts separate in the middle, making the shape peculiar to crackers. The cracker machine consists of a spout in which the "form" is laid, and is fed through rollers upon an endless canvas apron, which carries the dough under a platen containing dies which by a crank movement stamps the crackers. The scraps of dough are removed by a workman as the apron moves along, another workman with a hand dealer—a thin, flat wooden shovel—takes up the circular pieces of dough and passes them to another, who holds a setting peal, or long-handled shovel and passes them into the oven, where they soon become crackers. Crackers are said to be dry eating, but taken as they come from the oven, they are very delicious. Twelve barrels of crackers are made here every day.

After the day's batch of crackers is baked, cake and pie-baking begins. Cake is baked very much as at home, the bakers having a few general rules, but depending mostly on their judgment. They bake pound cake, New York sugar, molasses and thin gingerbread, drop, lemon and seed cakes, cookies, jumbles, loaf cake, hearts and rounds, Washington mince and apple pies, and various other kinds of cake "too numerous to mention."

The flour used at this bakery averages 60 barrels a week, sugar 1.2 barrels, and 600 pounds, butter 75 pounds, and the average of 500 families are supplied with yeast. The firm employ two drivers, and supply two more, keeping four carts on the road. The quality of the bread supplied by Carter & Dearborn compares well with that of the bakers who keep the custom of our people. Their house is one of our oldest institutions, and like "Baker Harris," should "never be forgot."

**THE REV. DR. WALLACE, of Manchester, N. H.,** whose face and voice are familiar to the congregation of the First Congregational Church, has resigned his pastorate at Manchester, the resignation to take effect at the close of next May. He states in his letter that it is not on account of any marked expressions of dissatisfaction that has reached his ears. His pastorate has extended over a period of 34 years, and he is no longer young, and "instead of struggling against the inevitable, it is far better to yield the position that it may be filled by one whose age, thoughts and sympathies are supposed to be more in harmony with the day in which we live." The sacrifice is a considerable one, indeed so great that he ceases to wonder that old men often cling to the office long after it has been thought by others that the day of their usefulness is closed. Dr. Wallace has not taken this step hastily, and although he may retire from his position, his day of usefulness is not closed. When he last preached in Woburn his clearness and vigor were the subject of remark. We trust he may have many years added to him, and enjoy in his declining the satisfaction of having done his work well.

## North Woburn.

**HORSE R. R.—**The North Woburn Street Railroad Company, which under the efficient management of the lessee, D. D. Hart, Esq., has been not only a paying institution but a great public convenience, has changed hands. Mr. Hart has sold his lease to his son, Ward W. Hart and John E. Russell, who have been running the cars for some time, and they will continue under the firm name of Hart & Russell. Both gentlemen have been connected with the road since its construction, the former as driver, and the latter as conductor, and we bespeak for the new management a generous patronage.

**BROKEN LEG.—**Saturday morning Stephen Nichols, Esq., of the firm of Nichols, Winsor & Co., fell on the ice and broke both bones of his leg just above the ankle.

**SELECTMEN.—**There have been two meetings this week, on Monday and Thursday—full Board present. The report on High street which was recommended to the Selectmen was taken up and prepared for reporting. The petition of D. G. Converse and others for the laying out of James street, was referred to the next Board of Selectmen. The petition for an extension of Jones' Court to Hudson street, had leave to withdraw. Middle street being a County road, the petitioners to widen it had leave to withdraw, the County Commission being the board to which they should apply. A hearing on Richardson, Ash, and Buck streets is to be had at an early day. Several cases of outside relief were received and referred to the Overseers of the Poor.

**FORGERY ARRESTED.—**For some time the officers have been looking for John H. Nevin, who has lived in Burlington. On Sept. 24th, a forgery was committed in Boston and Nevin was alleged to be the guilty party. Thursday, the 16th, inst., the Boston officers visited Burlington but were unable to find their man, and they left the warrant with State Constable Tidd, who, in company with Officer John B. Doyle, started on Sunday last to hunt the game. After a long search they came upon him in the woods back of Caleb Richardson's house. He surrendered without resistance, and was taken by Officer Tidd to Boston, where he was held for trial.

**DRAMATIC.—**The Medford Dramatic Society appeared at Lyceum Hall, on Wednesday evening, in *Milky White and Poor Pillicoddy*. There was a good audience. The performance was quite satisfactory, although the plays were not so well adapted to bring out the peculiar powers of the society, as those formerly presented here. They do show some fine acting, and amateurs who exceed them must needs be diligent.

**THE PRESIDENT'S** order relating to office holders, which we publish elsewhere, includes in its provisions the postmasters of Woburn, Winchester and Stoneham. Nathan Wynan of Woburn, master 12 years, Geo. P. Brown of Winchester, is also town clerk and postmaster. Charles E. Horne of Stoneham, is postmaster in that town, and messenger at the State House.

**LYCEUM.—**The lecture by Rev. Mr. Barnes on Tuesday evening, was listened to by a large audience when we consider the unfavorable weather. The lecture was very interesting, and we are glad to know that it is to be published in pamphlet form.

**THANKS TO JOHN CUMMINGS, Esq.,** for copies of the Governor's inaugural address, and the list of committees of the Legislature.

**S. G. C.—**There was a meeting of the S. G. C. the other evening and all present were happy. It was one of those occasions that is longed for. "When shall we three meet again?"

## Cummerville.

**Messrs. Caldwell & Sawyer,** are putting a L. on their factory, 50x35 and four stories high. L. W. Perham has the contract.

**STATE ALMSHOUSE.—**We have received from the Superintendent, Thomas J. Marsh, Esq., the 19th annual report of the inspectors of the State Almshouse at Tewksbury.

**THUNDER.—**There was a sharp thunder shower Saturday evening, accompanied by lightning. The unusual occurrence produced quite a startling effect.

**CAMP FIRE.—**A week from next Thursday, Burbank Post G. A. R., have a camp fire. Stoneham, Winchester and Somerville Posts have been invited.

**DANCE.—**Perham Hose had a pleasant party at their house on Wednesday evening.

**Prof. Mead of Oberlin College,** will preach on Sunday at the Orthodox.

**REGIMENTAL REUNION.—**The sixth annual reunion of the thirty-ninth Massachusetts regiment took place at the Parker House Wednesday night and was characterized by the usual amount of jollity and sad reminiscences as the events of the four years' war were recalled. At the business meeting, which was held in one of the parlors, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Captain W. E. Brigham; vice-president, Captain W. G. Shenn; secretary, Captain C. H. Porter; treasurer, Sergeant C. F. Kendrick; executive committee, Joseph Adams, Thaddeus Churchill, George A. Baker. The treasurer's report was not submitted, but it was understood that a small amount of money remained on hand. It was voted to hold the next annual reunion at Tanton, on the 5th of December, 1873, and to have a picnic at Medford about the 19th of August. The annual dinner took place afterwards in the large banquet hall, and was attended by about sixty members. Captain Graham presided. After the meal, an oration was delivered by Sergeant William A. Hall of company F, which was exceedingly patriotic in tone, and contained a deprecating allusion to the proposition of Senator Sumner in regard to the battle-flags. It abounded in happy allusions to the part the regiment had played in the war, and was delivered in a manner that elicited the warmest approbation from the company. Captain Shenn was chosen the orator for next year, and then the evening was devoted to speech making, story-telling and singing, making the occasion one of the pleasantest of the series.

**REUNION.—**Thursday evening, as Mrs. Thomas J. Callahan, residing on Summer street, was going home from the cars about six o'clock, she was struck by a horse and sleigh, knocked down and run over. She was severely bruised about the head and limbs, and the horse and sleigh passed over her, and she was rolled and dragged some yards. Mrs. Callahan was taken to her home, and a physician summoned. No bones were broken, but her injuries are quite serious. There ought to be some remedy for the fast driving plague. As it is, no pedestrian is safe on the street. The sidewalks are too icy for walking, and in the street the difficulties experienced in dodging teams in the daytime are considerable, while at night, with our scattered lamp-posts which only serve to indicate their own locality, walking is really dangerous. Our Selectmen ought to afford some protection in this direction, either by making the sidewalk passable, or stopping the fast driving.

## (Correspondence.)

**MR. EDITOR:**—In regard to the prosecution of Dr. Hutchings I had nothing whatever to do, directly or indirectly. I had no knowledge of it until I was summoned to appear in court as a witness. I deny emphatically that any notice of a case of small pox at the house of Stephen Thompson was ever left at my house or given to me by Dr. Hutchings or any one else. The message which the boy Thompson left at my house was "that he wanted Dr. Harlow to come to Stephen Thompson's on Salem street, and see a young man by the name of Sutherland, who was sick." The name of Dr. Hutchings, nor of the disease was not mentioned. The first knowledge I had that Dr. Hutchings was connected with the case was when I was asked by Mrs. Thompson at her house who was the attending physician, and he said you were the Town Physician and we better send for you." The story so industriously circulated that I caused the prosecution of Dr. Hutchings, is without the least foundation in fact, and an unprovoked libel. J. M. HARLOW.

**A BATTLE WITH RATS.—**During the recent cold weather a regiment of rats collected and made arrangements for their winter quarters in a row of newly plastered straw, on the premises of Austin Palmer, of North Haverhill. On New Year's day, they were discovered by his son, E. W. Palmer, when a close and bloody contest ensued, and after battling two hours he came off victorious with 102 victims. These were all taken from one nest, and measured a heaped half bushel. Taken together with those killed on the two previous days, they sum up 156 victims. He is the champion rat killer of the state. The weapon used in the contest was a small sword picked up at the second battle of Bull Run.—*Concord Monitor*.

**GOOD TIME.—**That is what they called it up at Tim Frye's the other evening, when some of his shopmates called on him to spend a pleasant hour. The entertainment closed with a splendid supper, in the preparation of which few can exceed Mr. Frye.

**MEETING.—**There will be a meeting of the First Parish on Thursday evening, Jan. 30th, to consider the subject of extending a call to Rev. H. S. Kelsey, of Holliston.

**SCHOLARS** in the High School have all been re-vaccinated. Young Taylor caught the small pox in Boston.

## West Medford.

**BUILDING.—**A new building is being erected on the Main street near the depot which will be 40x50 feet. It will be occupied by a grocery and provision store.

## Correspondence.

**MR. EDITOR:**—I must tell you of a trip a few of us took a few nights ago. Thursday evening, Jan. 16th, the Lexington Brass Band with some friends engaged Mr. W. Walcott's large sleigh and paid a visit to the neighboring town of Bedford for the purpose of giving Mr. W. A. Lane the auctioneer, well known to all your readers, a serenade. After a fine ride we arrived at William's residence where we found "mine host" and his lady ready to receive us. The trip was a pleasant one in all its features. A social evening was spent in jolly conversation, interspersed with music. Friend Lane furnished an excellent supper and bid us all to go, which of course we did. (By the way, William's bids are always obeyed.) Upon our way home Mr. Stetson of the Bedford House threw open his doors and gave us an example of his hospitality. Everybody was delighted with the trip and determined to go again when William gets that new house built. Yours, G. R. R.

**New Publications.**  
**SCRIBNER'S.**—A more readable number of Scribner's than the February has, perhaps, never been issued. There is a strange story by Miss Phelps. "Since I died," in which the gates seem to have been set ajar, indeed, a puzzling account by Noah Brooks, of what he calls "The San Rafael Planisphere," a curious discussion by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, the English art critic, of "One phase of the marriage question," an interesting description by Albert Rhodes of "A Court Ball at the Hague," a new story by Miss Trafton, entitled "Little Miss Frere," some pleasant and pointed talk by Junius Henri Brown, on "Borrowing as a social science," a trenchant and most timely paper on "Art at the Capitol," a lively description by Lady Blanche Murray of the "British Institution," "Archaeological Breakfast," a very valuable and entertaining article on "The Tehuantepec Ship Canal," a strikingly illustrated paper on Siam, "In and Around Bangkok," and an illustrated piece of popular science, "How Men Learned to Analyze the Sun." The most striking poems of the number are a "Vision of Elgin," by George MacDonald, as quaintly spiritual as a poem of Herbert's; "One Night," a weird thing by Amanda T. Jones; "Covert," by H. H., and "Thoughts," by Celia Thaxter. Dr. Holland's "Arthur Bonnicastle" contains the record of a remarkable voyage. In his Topics of the Time, he has "Thoughts after Christmas," "The Neglect of the Bible," "Habit of Literary Labor," "To the Memory of George P. Putnam," "The Old Cabinet has 'Number One hundred and eleven.' Home and Society and 'The Literally we should like to see,' 'At the Front Door,' 'On Skates,' and 'Furniture for the Sick-room.' Culture and Progress discussed. 'Art in Our Homes and Schools,' 'The Oracle of our Time,' etc. Nature and Science is as interesting and practical as usual; and, by way of variety, there is a pretty little poem in the 'Topics of the Time' by the publishers advertise the November and December numbers sent free to all subscribers for 1873.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE** for February is unusually rich in the variety and interest of its contents. The number opens with an entertaining paper by Albert E. Coleman, on the Diamond Fields of South Africa, characteristically illustrated. Herbert Tuttle contributes a very interesting sketch of the Mont de Piété—the pawn-broker institution of Paris—with eight illustrations. The illustrated sketch of the life of Mary, Queen of Scots, by Lyman Abbott, is one of the most brilliant and well-dramatic effects. In "The Life of an Eastern Woman" (illustrated), we have a very entertaining and novel presentation of a sketch of the life of a woman, as known among Western nations. A collection of most curious information, with illustrations equally curious, is contributed by Prof. Henry Draper, on the "Evolution of the Universe." R. H. Horne contributes a paper on "The Great Fairs and Markets of Europe." "The Old Stager" continues his glowing account of Mr. Caleb Cushing's early career. Charles Reade's fascinating story, "A Simpleton," still continues. There is not in any of the "Gollin's most thrilling story," a stronger dramatic situation than that which is presented in this number of his, "The New Magdalen." Miss Thackeray's "Gollin's most thrilling story" still continues. Besides the serials, there are two excellent stories in this number, "A Waif and Astray," by D. R. Castleton, and "The Quiet Episode," by Fanny E. Holdgate. The Editorial Departments are full and interesting.

**MY SUMMER IN A GARDEN.** James R. Osgood & Co., publishers.

**H. W. Beecher** says, "Every book which interprets the secret lore of the fields and gardens, every essay which brings men nearer to the understanding of the mysteries which every tree whispers, every brook murmurs, every weed, even, hints, is a contribution to the wealth and happiness of our kind." The author of this little quaint "Summer in a Garden" is indeed a benefactor of everyone who reads his weekly cogitations. It is a philosopher of the keenest perceptions, both of the practice and the theory, and no one can follow him through his nineteen weeks of observations and gardening pleasures and trials, without duly appreciating his satirical, good-natured hints, his clear, terse, moral observations upon men and things. We like the entire book; but cannot recommend a better antidote for the "blues," than the reading of the thirteenth chapter, the history of "My Neighbor's Cow." It should be read by every one, especially by those who would know what country experience in one's own garden of one or five acres may be. Get it, read it, and then give us the results of your own summer experience for a like term of time.

**BROOKLYN SOCIETY.**—This is a very elegant, high-toned publication, and is well filled with choice gems of literature. The December number contains fine, elegant illustrations, original papers, and a large variety of very interesting literary miscellany, talk upon society, &c. The full-page illustration of "The First Steamboat upon the Orinoco," is equal in execution and finish to any one of those found in the *Illustrated*. This picture represents the steamboat in the distance, as first seen by a crowd of Indians in the foreground, whose gestures and astonishment at what they suppose to be a monster, is admirably depicted by the artist. The price of this magazine is 15 cents per mo. or \$1.50 per year. Publication Office 307 Washington St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**NUISANCE.**—Our favorite little magazine is on hand for February. The "Biography of a Bubble" will please our young friends also. Jacky Menagerie, and the other articles. Oxford's Junior Speaker is offered as a premium for subscribers.

**PETERSON.**—As regular as the months and something sooner, Peterson comes to hand. The ladies can always find in it, a choice selection of patterns and interesting reading.

**OUTRAGE.**—A little boy at the Lawrence School house on Thursday divulged to the teacher the name of another who had been guilty of some mischief. At recess the larger boy named Kenney, set upon the other, knocked him down and kicked him in the head, and abused the child so that he afterwards had a fit. Such a little brute ought to be severely dealt with.

**WE** see that it is recommended in Boston that the books in the Public Library be fumigated. Why is not the suggestion a good one for us and every town? We should suppose that no person would take books out in the present condition of the public health. And would it not be a good plan to fumigate the books and library room?

**PICK-TURESQUE.**—We notice Friend Litchfield, who has been under the weather a little is picking up.

**TELEGRAPH.**—Direct communication has been effected with the Boston office, so that the former direction to telegraph "via N. Cambridge," is now void.

**POLICE.**—A neighborly quarrel between Mrs. Wright and Pierce, about some disputed household property, resulted in a slap on the face, and Mrs. Pierce was fined a fine of \$2 and costs.

**ASSEMBLY.**—Mr. G. H. Gardner announces in our columns a course of assemblies to which he invites the public. Mr. G. is a gentleman of experience and will give good parties.

**SMALL-POX.**—Another case of small-pox has occurred, the victim being a ser-

## Our Sleigh Ride to Brighton.

The snow had covered all the land,  
In the winter of 'seventy-three;  
'Twas twelve days from the coast and grand,  
(Good weather as ever could be.)  
Everywhere.

The people all the country round,  
Who had a sleigh or sled or pump,  
And animal to draw it, found  
Themselves inclined to take a run,  
Somewhere.

With the rest I had the notion,  
And went and told a maiden so;  
Welcomed she the intimation,  
And kindly said that she would go  
Anywhere.

Now, I presume, most all have read  
Of that market of great renown,  
Where butchers go to get the birds  
Of between which they feel the town.  
It is Brighton.

But then there is another place,  
Known to the people all around,  
Who go to ride, or walk to ride,  
At what is called the "mule ground,"  
In Brighton.

Thither then, we named our course,  
And duly clouded, clouded and muffled,  
In manner to resist the force,  
Of wintry winds, and started off  
For Brighton.

We'd nothing then to mar or grieve  
Our pleasure, I am pleased to say,  
Except a naughty windward breeze;  
But that was pinned up on the way  
To Brighton.

All down the road to Arlington,  
And from there to Porter's Station,  
From thence down by the old mill,  
Where we stopped and got direction  
To Brighton.

Some two miles more had we to go,  
Before we saw that famous spot,  
Where teams were rushing to and fro  
At such a rate, we knew we'd go  
To Brighton.

For there we saw those dashing teams,  
And some by full six horses drawn,  
Which moved along in such great streams,  
That we were certain we were on  
The mule ground.

So up and down the thoroughfare  
We drove its length, and turned around,  
And then drove back, for we were there,  
All things to see, as they were  
In Brighton.

A column long on either side  
Will leave, of course, a space between—  
That is to say, if the road be wide—  
And such a road is to be seen  
In Brighton.

So slower folks take outside lines,  
And in the centre leave a space  
For those who think it is a waste of time  
To crowd the car to get a name  
To Brighton.

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And in the centre leave a space  
For those who think it is a waste of time  
To crowd the car to get a name  
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vant girl is Judge Parmenter's family. She was removed to the hospital on Tuesday, and a nurse having been provided, she is as comfortable as can be expected.

**RUNAWAY.**—John P. Squires' horse had quite a long run on Monday, going up High street and several other high streets, turning and coming down all right, taking the sidewalk quite regular, and reaching home without damage of any kind.

**HOUSE WARMING.**—Wednesday evening of this week a few intimate friends of Mr. George P. Winn, gathered at his new residence corner of Summer and Mystic streets, and spent a few hours in a social manner. Short and jolly speeches and an excellent supper made the programme.

**ACCIDENT.**—Robert McAuley, formerly in the employ of Mr. Frost of Belmont, while engaged in getting in ice at Spy Pond on Wednesday, the 22d inst., was caught between two cakes of ice, causing a very bad fracture of the bones of the leg. He was conveyed to the Mass. General Hospital, and it is feared that amputation will be necessary.

**Rumor says,** "There is some little prospect that an extensive tanning establishment will be commenced in Arlington, near the Prentiss Place, near the river, the coming spring." We hope this is not a mere rumor; every encouragement should be given to enterprising mechanics as well as means to locate in our town. We need them.

**STATISTICS.**—The Town Clerk has kindly furnished us the following:

Whole number of Births	101
Males	49
Females	52
American Parentage	28



—or want of it—speaks of the times in which it was erected, and we should be proud of the remarkable inscription written by the noted pastor of the village church. I do not think that the old "Minute Man" saw Lexington's brightest days, or that the people were happier in their rule simplicity than we are, for as we are favored with a higher civilization, so our enjoyments have multiplied; but with a praiseworthy love for the new and an ardent struggle for progress, are we not forgetting the few golden threads, which should bind us so closely to the heroic age of our town? We do well to adorn our modern homes with paintings and statuary, if we do not at the same time allow the portraits of our grandfathers to slumber in the lonely attics covered with the dust and cobwebs of neglect. We should ensure the teacher who tried to compel a child to draw a right angle from one straight line, when it is not even more foolish for us to attempt to form the right angle of our society from the simple perpendicular line of progress, without its resting on the horizontal basis of the past?

We can all learn a lesson from the reverent spirit of James Russell Lowell, who says that he never even saw a house old enough to be torn down, and it is said that Dr. Spurzheim placed his organ of reverence on the summit of the brain, as the height of all human faculties.

ONE OF YOUR READERS.

CALDER CUSHING.—With the single exception of Mr. Adams, I have never met a gentleman, in Congress or out, whose fund of information was so extensive, copious and exact as that of Mr. Cushing. He writes and speaks most of the languages of modern Europe with the facility, purity and precision of the most accomplished native, and he is a thorough classical scholar as well. Mr. Cushing came to Washington when quite young, and his appearance was so youthful that his years. Although a gentleman of great personal finances, his bearing was modest, subdued and deferential. He spoke readily enough, and with uncommon accuracy; but he prepared whatever he had to say with great care, and generally wrote his speeches out at length. He appreciated the importance of being exact in his statements and regular, consecutive and logical in arrangement and argument. He was superior to the weakness often exhibited by men of distinguished ability, of professing to speak from the inspiration of the moment. In fact, he was free from affectation of every kind, and never denied or concealed the labor bestowed on oral efforts. Sometimes he read his speeches, and occasionally, when discussing questions to which he had given much study, he spoke without notes, or any evidence of preparation. Early in his first session Mr. Cushing read a carefully written argument on a subject of more than ordinary interest. The great ability displayed, and his appearance of extreme youth, attracted general interest. It so happened that his views ran counter to those of most of the Western members, and old Ben Hardin, of Kentucky, a coarse, rude man of great intellectual vigor, likened by John Randolph to a "kitchen knife sharpened on a brickbat," replied to him in a strain in which invective was mingled with argument, and which was intentionally cutting and offensive. He evidently supposed Cushing to be a mere bookworm—a man of the closet, whom he could browbeat by a sarcasm. He knew Cushing's speech had been written out, and thought a harsh impromptu reply would crush the young man. But to his astonishment, the rejoinder, made on the spur of the moment, turned the tables, and the House which had heartily enjoyed the vituperative eloquence of Hardin, relished still more Cushing's tart and effective answer. Hardin flew into a passion, intimating a resort to the code duello, and assuming that a New England man would not respond to a demand for satisfaction, said gentlemen who did not recognize the doctrine of personal responsibility, should be specially cautious and reserved in their language. If their own principles or the sentiments of their constituents prevented them from according satisfaction, certainly they should not give offence. Cushing's reply was admirable in tone, and unspoke with fluency, with great animation, and carried the House with him from the start. He was not responsible for the sentiments of his constituents, nor should he be governed by them in personal matters. He should avoid giving offence to honorable members, not from apprehension of disagreeable consequences, but from considerations of self respect, and what was due to his peers in the House. While he should not intentionally wound the feelings of any body, he should exact instant reparation when remarks were made derogatory to his character or injurious to his feelings. From that time forth, Mr. Cushing was treated with marked respect and forbearance in all personal discussions.—From "Recollections of an Old Stager," in *Harper's for February*.

Lo, it snoweth.

Married.

In Woburn, Jan. 20, by Rev. W. S. Barnes, Lewis Wardwell and Lizzie A. Blandin, both of Stoneham.

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Whereas, it is believed that with few exceptions the holding of two such offices by the same person is incompatible with the due and faithful discharge of the duties of either office; that it frequently gives rise to great inconvenience, and often results in detriment to the public service, and moreover is not in harmony with the genius of the government;

In view of the premises therefore, the President has deemed it proper, thus and hereby to give public notice that from and after the fourth day of March, A. D. 1873, except as herein specified, persons holding any federal civil office, or appointment under the Constitution and Laws of the United States, will be expected while holding such office not to accept or hold any office under any State or territorial government or under the charter or ordinances of any municipal corporation; and further, that the acceptance or continued holding of any such State, territorial or municipal office, whether elective or by appointment, by any person holding civil office as aforesaid, under the government of the United States, other than judicial offices under the Constitution of the United States, will be deemed a vacation of the federal office held by such person, and will be taken to be and will be created a resignation, by such federal officer, of his commission or appointment in the service of the United States. The officers of justice of the peace, notary public,















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 IF WE ARE SURE WILL SUIT YOU IF YOU  
 ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING NEATLY  
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396 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON  
Now admitted to be the  
**LARGEST**  
COMMERCIAL SCHOOL

IN AMERICA.

The course of study embraces the *Commerce* and *Common English* branches, and is so directed as to qualify students of either sex to discharge the duties of a business life correctly and intelligently.

Application for admission must be made in advance, and students may enter at any time when there are vacancies.

For catalogue containing information, terms, &c., address the principal,

H. E. HUBBARD.

**VINEGAR BITTERS**  
VEGETABLE FREE FROM

**Vinegar Bitters** are not a vile Fancy Drink, made of Poor Rum, Whisky, Proof Spirits and Herbs. Liqueurs, doctored, spiced, and sweetened with Sugar, and other artificial ingredients. They are "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the native roots and herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the Great Life-giving Principle, a Perfect Renovator and Invigorator. They rid the system of all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition, enriching it, refreshing and invigorating both mind and body. They are easy of administration, prompt in their action, certain

**No Person can take these Bitters** according to directions, and remain long unwell, provoked their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

**Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain** in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the Region of the Kidneys, are all symptoms of that great evil, Dyspepsia, the forerunner of those complaints, are the offspring of Dyspepsia. In these complaints it has no equal, and one bottle will

For **Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism**, Gout, Dropsy, or Indigestion, Bilious, Hemorrhagic, or Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

**For Skin Diseases.** Eruptions, Tetter, Scit-River, Boils, Spots, Pimples, Fustic, Boas, Carbuncles, Ring-worm, Scab-head, Itch, Erysipels, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. In such cases, they convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.

And its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you eat and drink, and singh in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. **Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.**

**Grateful Thousands** proclaim VINDIGAR BITTERS the most wonderful invigorant that ever sustained a failing system.

**Pain, Tape, and other Worms,** lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. Says a distinguished physiologist: There is scarcely an individual on the face of the earth whose body is exempt from the

elements of the body that worms exist, but upon the diseased humors and slimy deposits that breed these living monsters of disease. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no antelmintics, will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

In chronic diseases—especially in Catarrhs of the Pains and Minerals, such as Piles, Type-seters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS twice a week.

**Intermittent Fevers,** and **Intermittent**

**Fever,** which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States,

Especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Meo, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, James, Boston, famous rivers, and others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive denudations of the submucous membrane, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to DR. J. WALKER'S VINETAR BITTERS, as they will speedily

the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

**Serofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Gout, Serofulous Tumors, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Scrophulous Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Scrofulous Eyes, etc., etc.** In these as in all other constitutional diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

**WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS** are used in all these cases in a similar manner. By purifying the Blood they remove the cause, and

**The Aparent** and mild Laxative properties of Dr. ALGER'S Compound Syrup are a safeguard against eruptions and malignant fevers. Their balsamic, heating, and soothing properties protect the humors of the fauces. Their sedative properties allay pain in the nervous system, stomach, and bowels, from inflammation,

**Fortify the body against disease** by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus re-armed.

**Directions.**—Take of the Bitters on going to bed at night from a half to one and one-half wine-glasses, after a nourishing meal, such as soup, steak, mutton chop, venison, roast beef, and vegetables, and take out-door exercise. They are

composed of purely vegetable ingredients, and contain no spirit.

**H. H. McDONALD & CO.,**  
Druggists and Gen. Agents, San Francisco, Cal., &  
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**SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & DEALERS.**

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## MILITARY HISTORY OF WOBURN.

WOBURN NATIONAL RANGERS  
CHAPTER XIX

## Fall Campaign to Mine Run

There were altogether too many officers in the service, who seemed to delight in causing the lot of the soldier to be as hard and terrible as possible. The more they could impress upon them the idea of their superiority, obnoxious measures being, as ever, the most efficient, they were all the more satisfied that they were equal to the demands of their position, of which they were unworthy, as the slightest favor shown to, or the slightest departure from the most strict of red-tape, they could impose upon the soldier as derogatory to their rank. Ignorant, supercilious, arrogant, and in too many cases cowardly, and addicted to too much "Commissary," they improved their chance of being, for the time, superior to those far above them in some knowing full well that their career would be short, and that they would eventually sink low enough, when in private life. One instance of this total disregard for the soldier, might be well inserted here. In the fall of 1863, while the Army of the Potomac were making their retrograde movement to Centerville, a certain brigade had reached the banks of one of the small creeks, so plenty on the route. There was a bridge thrown across, but Mr. General and staff had taken their position upon it all well mounted, thus preventing the men from crossing upon it. Consequently the whole brigade was compelled to wade through the water, delay on the part of many of the men, by removing their boots and stockings, so as to be enabled to march with dry feet, being harshly forbidden, at the peril of their health; while the patriotic and much lauded general sat on his horse, and laughed at the men, tumbling and wading through the cold chilly stream, adding insult to injury by such inhuman conduct. Such is one example of the many individuals, they no deserve to be called men, whom the Government had placed in command of its defenders, and that the rank and file were still as patriotic as ever, showed that love of the cause overshadowed all personal injury, however hard to bear, and that none too much praise and credit can be awarded those who were not willing to be private soldiers. "One killed, a private soldier, nothing more!"

The next morning, before we had time to look around, we heard the unwelcome sound, "Fall in for inspection," the fourth during the week; but, as we anticipated, it was more for inspection of ammunition than anything else. Here was a dilemma. Every man was supposed to have his six rounds, but as it had been stated, a large proportion of them had gone where they would never be of any benefit to any one. Finally, a plan was thought of which was duly carried out, and resulted satisfactorily to us. As is well known, the company is formed in two ranks, open order, facing inwards, in the space between which, our knapsacks are laid down and opened for inspection. Our worthy captain, having successfully overcome the first difficulty which occurred, of learning us the position of "as you are," commenced his tour of inspection. Proceeding along the one rank, as fast as he passed a man, the latter would at once quickly throw across to the rank, whatever might be needed to fill his quota, so that when the rank was inspected, all were apparently provided with the proper amount. How they were finally accounted for is not known, without they were carried along on hand, until the next engagement, when "they expended in battle," which did not occur for some six months. It could not be expected that the men were to carry along the extra weight of that ammunition, in addition to eight days' rations, during the long and terrible marches of that Fall's campaign, our principal duty consisting, as was circulated on a business card at that time, through the army, in running Meade's and Lee's Orange & Alexandria Express, from Culpeper C. H., to Washington, trips being made alternately every few weeks, by each party, "an excellent bit at the conduct of that campaign."

This duty of inspection being duly performed, we were then at liberty to look around and see our situation. A passing glance soon revealed to us that it would be the most unfavorable camp we had as yet occupied, being stationed on quite a rise of ground, exposed to the full fury of the cold, autumn winds, and with no supply of wood or water, the former of which was almost unobtainable, while to procure the latter, we were compelled to go a long distance, and then it was of very poor quality, being very strongly impregnated with limestone, noticeable both in color and taste. The night we experienced one of those cold, disagreeable rain-storms, and owing to our situation, received its full benefit. Our "shelters," pitched none too strong, owing to lack of proper material, took to themselves wings to a great extent, and unconsciously deprived us of our "house and home," and compelling us to make ourselves as comfortable as possible overstraining camp-fires. Daylight broke, but brought no cessation of the storm, and the forlorn objects we presented, endeavoring to wade through the vast expanse of mud, or in our futile efforts to make our coffee, would have been fit subjects for an artist's pencil. Finally, at noon it cleared away, cold and clear, and we were soon busy putting things to rights, when our ears were assailed at hearing the shrill bugle call, "A Battalion Drill." Slowly and sadly, we left our individual employments, and prepared to fall in, more earnestly than this crucial war be over? On dress parade that night, orders were read re-instating all drills and duties of camp life.

(To be continued)

In an editorial on the horse disease, the *Congressionalist* suggested that it might be well to sit at the feet of a horse and learn humility. "Just so," says the saucy *California News Letter*, "sit down at the hind feet of a mule, and if he don't humiliate you, pull his tail, and tickle the inside of his legs with a stable fork!"

WANTED TO ARRIVE.—A seedy-looking individual walked into the Crawford House in Cleveland, a few evenings ago, and stepping up to the register, seized the pen and registered his name—George Washington Botts—writing in a firm, bold hand; and with a big flourish underneath. It was plain that the seedy man was accustomed to making a flourish in the world, if it were only with the pen. "Have a room?" inquired the clerk, incidentally measuring the man with his eagle eye to see if he would fit in one of his sky Boudoirs.

"No," said the seedy man, shortly, picking his teeth with a splinter toothpick he had selected from the well-assorted supply always to be found on the counter.

"Supper then, I suppose?" added the clerk, preparing to add an S to the name of George Washington Botts's name.

"No, sir, no supper," said Mr. Botts, with severity; "I simply want to arrive at A-A, sir, I-V-V, arrive. I want neither room, supper nor anything else. It is a long time since I have arrived at a hotel—a very long time; (his voice choked a little), and I thought if you hadn't any objection, I—I would like to arrive once more before I died."

Here he was compelled to hide his emotions in his coat tail, in the absence of a pocket handkerchief. The clerk, always ready to do a good action, generously allowed the unfortunate individual to arrive, and George Washington Botts, hastily drying his eyes with a pen wiper, turned the captain's hand in mute though heartfelt gratitude, and then stalked gloomily forth into darkness and the night.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—Mr. Moses Davis, who resides in Boston, is an elderly gentleman, but one whose facilities appear to have retained their original vigor in a remarkable degree. To say the least, he is hale, hearty, and blessed with a retentive memory, and his delight in telling of the exploits of his ancestors, as well as P. T. Barnum, and we fully believe that his stories have a smaller sprinkling of the hunching in them than those told by the great showman. The following narrative of his is as true as history itself, and truer than much that comes to us from medieval times.

Thomas Miner, the grandfather of Mr. Davis, was a sailor, shipping from Hartford, Connecticut. Coming home from a voyage he met him in the street a man who wished to sell him a whole township of wild land in the state of New Hampshire.

"Jack Tar," said he, "couldn't buy a whole township, but would run the risk to take half a town, bears and all."

"Well," said the old man, "take a half," and the bargain was closed and the money paid in hard coin.

Like all sailors, Miner was somewhat venturesome, and this time he had made a venture without knowing his man; so he told his Captain.

"You fool," said the Captain, "you are just like all sailors, you don't know how to take care of your money. You will never see the land or the man again."

So Miner shipped again. He made one or two voyages, and coming home once upon a time, he told his wife he was going to see the New Hampshire land.

"Well," said she, "I'll go too, and take the baby."

So the old man was saddled, Thomas by some hook or crook having got a mare, and man, wife and child mounted, with a gun and compass, and all started for the wilderness. Long, weary and many spring days passed ere they arrived at Hanover, New Hampshire, keeping close to the Connecticut river, which was a guide, and from whose water they quenched their thirst and occasionally caught a fish. But they got there.

The first question Thomas Miner asked was, "Is there a town hereabouts called Cannan?"

"Yes," was the reply, "it's down in the woods, eighteen miles and no road."

Nothing daunted, after rest and refreshment, Thomas started, and by the aid of "blazed" trees, he found his land after several days' search, the corner being indicated by a mammoth hemlock marked "Cannan." This was his land of promise. He immediately cut another hemlock with an axe he brought from Hanover, and with the bark, limbs and boughs, constructed a hut, with the boughs for a bed. The old man was turned out to bed.

In the morning he started for the mare without his hat. Strange to say, though it is true, he was gone three days, finding the mare in Charlestown, N. H., and returning. Now he took his gun and went in search of food. He soon shot a deer which lasted some time. He did not see a man for six weeks. At this time he took his gun and compass to see how his land lay. About two miles off he found a man named Schofield, who had a "quat" on his (Miner's) land.

"Glad to see you, Schofield," said Mr. Miner, "never mind, I'll give you a hundred acres." And so he did.

During the season (it was spring) they got in about five acres of grain and in the autumn had a good crop.

Schofield proved a good neighbor. But Miner wanted more. So he wrote twelve letters to as many of his shipmates, inviting them to come and settle beside him, and nine of them came and settled, each receiving the gift of one hundred acres of land.

To make a long story short, they all lived and prospered, and Thomas Miner lived to see his town have three churches and an Academy, and to find himself sent representative to the New Hampshire legislature thirty years in succession.

The child carried into the forest in its mother's arms was educated at Dartmouth college and became an eminent physician in Canada. He had other sons and daughters, some of whom settled in New Hampshire, and one, with the same adventurous spirit as the father, made his home in the then, new state of Ohio, in which vicinity his descendants now live.

DR. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF  
CURES THE WORST PAINS  
In from One to Twenty Minutes.  
NOT ONE HOUR  
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, GOUT, BRUISES, SCALDS, BURNS, AND ALL THE PAINFUL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, AND ALL THE PAINFUL AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS, AND ALL THE PAINFUL AFFECTIONS OF THE STOMACH, AND ALL THE PAINFUL AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER, AND ALL THE PAINFUL AFFECTIONS OF THE SPLEEN, AND ALL THE PAINFUL AFFECTIONS OF THE PANCREAS, AND ALL THE PAINFUL AFFECTIONS OF THE PROSTATE, AND ALL THE PAINFUL AFFECTIONS OF THE UTERUS, AND ALL THE PAINFUL AFFECTIONS OF THE VAGINA, AND ALL THE PAINFUL AFFECTIONS OF THE BLADDER, AND ALL THE PAINFUL AFFECTIONS OF THE RECTUM, AND ALL THE PAINFUL AFFECTIONS OF THE ANUS, AND ALL THE PAINFUL AFFECTIONS OF THE PERINEUM, AND ALL THE PAINFUL AFFECTIONS OF THE SCROTUM, AND ALL THE PAINFUL AFFECTIONS OF THE TESTES, AND ALL THE PAINFUL AFFECTIONS OF THE EPIDIDYMIS, AND ALL THE PAINFUL AFFECTIONS OF THE SEMINAL VESICLE, AND ALL THE PAINFUL AFFECTIONS OF THE URETHRA, AND ALL THE PAINFUL AFFECTIONS OF THE PENIS, AND ALL THE PAINFUL 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No. 21.

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Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended to on reasonable terms. Orders left at the JOURNAL office, Woburn, promptly attended to.

**THOMAS S. BANKS,**

**FLORIST,**

Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.

Has constantly on hand, at his Greenhouse, a fine supply of Greenhouse Plants.

Bouquets and Cut Flowers furnished at short notice.

**QUINCY MUTUAL**

**FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY**

Cash Fund, Dec. 1, 1871, about \$500,000

AND ALL LOSSES PAID.

Dwelling Houses,

Household Furniture,

Farmers' Barns and contents,

Churches, Stores and contents

And the safer classes of risks, insured on very favorable terms.

All Losses Promptly adjusted and paid.

S. F. Thompson Agt. for Woburn.

This Company has been in operation 20 years, has paid over \$200,000 in losses, and over \$200,000 in dividends to policy holders. 25 per cent. dividends now paid on all years' risks.

ISAAC W. MUNROE, President.

CHAS. A. HOWLAND, Secretary.

**J. T. Freeman,**

130 Main St., Woburn, Mass.,

SOLE AGENT FOR WOBURN, STONEHAM, WINDHAM, and vicinity.

FOR THE

**SINGER IMPROVED**

**SEWING MACHINE.**

The Singer Mfg Co. sold 181,260 Machines during 1871.

**The Singer Sewing Machine**

TOOK THE

**First Premium**

At the New England Fair held at Lowell, Mass., September, 1872.

Any other Sewing Machine furnished at the Lowest Market prices, if requested.

Machines Sold on INSTALLMENTS!

**SEWING MACHINE FINDINGS.**

Also, Agent in Woburn, for the Sale of

**E. BUTTERICK & CO'S**

**PATTERNS OF GARMENTS,**

And their celebrated Shears and Scissors.

**READ THIS!**

MR. FREEMAN is a well known and respected agent for Woburn, Stoneham, and adjoining towns. Persons purchasing the Singer Machine of Mr. Freeman will have perfect satisfaction guaranteed to them. All persons in and about the vicinity advertising themselves as agents for our machines, do so without our authority, and are not so recognized by us.

The Singer Manufacturing Company,

99 HANOVER ST., BOSTON.

**DR. C. T. LANC'S**

**Dental Rooms,**

135 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

Opposite First Congregational Church.

**W. A. COLEGATE,**

**FLORIST,**

Greenhouse at Cummingsville,

Woburn, - - - Mass.

Plants, Shrubs, (Trees), Mosses, Plants, Wreaths, Bouquets, and Baskets of Cut Flowers,

Supplied at Short Notice.

**NORTH END SAVINGS BANK,**

No. 80 UNION STREET,

BOSTON.

This bank has never paid less than six per cent per annum, free of taxes or discounts.

All deposits made on or before the first day of any month are placed upon interest and added to the next dividend.

Dividends as soon as declared are added to the accounts of depositors and at once begin to earn interest thus giving compound interest.

ROBERT, MANAGER. GEORGE C. THURTELL, Treasurer.

CLINTON VILAS, President. 102

Harvey Carpenter, Daniel H. Whitney, William Robinson, George S. Derby.

**POULTRY AND EGGS.**

**B. F. COLEGATE,**

In preparation to supply Eggs for Setting, of all the common or fancy breeds of Hens.

Also, for sale, pairs of Doves and Partridge Cochins, Dark and Light Brahmas, Dominiques, Plymouth Rocks, &c.

**HENRY AT CUMMINGSVILLE**

Woburn Mass.

**PHOTOGRAPHS!**

The subscriber has removed to the new building,

CORNER MAIN AND RAILROAD STS.,

where with improved light and increased facilities, he is prepared to make pictures of all kinds at reasonable prices.

Photographs,

Berlin Heads,

Cartes de visite,

Porcelains (plain or colored),

&c., &c., &c.

Made in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.

COME AND SEE.

**FRANK H. GOULD,**

Photographer,

COR. MAIN & RAILROAD STS.

**A. V. HAYNES,**

**HARNESS MAKER,**

And dealer in TRUNKS, VALISES, TRAVELING BAGS, WHIPS, BLANKETS, SADDLERY, BELLS, &c., &c.

Also, CARTRIDGE TRIMMING.

Finest Harness made from the best stock at the lowest rates. REPAIRING DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.

215 Main St., opp. Central House, Woburn.

**RUFUS PICKERING,**

**REAL ESTATE AGENT,**

CONVEYANCER, AUCTIONEER,

AND COLLECTOR.

No. 2 WABEN BLOCK,

WOBURN, MASS.

**Chicago and the Great**

**Conflagration!**

A concise history of the most wonderful disaster of the century, and a detailed, circumstantial and reliable account of the progress of the fire, with names of the persons who were killed, and the property destroyed. By Messrs. COLBERT & CHAMBERLAIN. City Editors of Chicago Tribune. Fully illustrated from Photographs taken on the spot. Agents wanted.

Address: C. F. Vent, 25 Murray St., New York.

**STRAW MATTINGS.**

A large line of Straw Mattings, just received, and for sale at the lowest prices.

**WM. WOODBERRY.**

**Poetry.**

**MY TRUNDLE-BED.**

As I rummaged through the attic,  
Listening to the falling rain,  
As it pattered on the shingles,  
And against the window pane,

Peeping over chests and boxes,  
Which with dust were thickly spread,  
I saw in the furthest corner,  
What was once my trundle-bed.

So I drew it from the recess  
Where it had remained so long,  
Hearing all the while the music  
Of my mother's voice in song.

As she sang of sweetest accents,  
Which I loved so dearly then,  
And I wondered back to childhood,  
How my child, lie still and stammer,  
Holy angels guard thy bed!

So I drew it from the recess  
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Where it had remained



## Middlesex County Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor,  
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1873.

The figures printed with the subscription name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If not so observed, please notify the office at once.

Index to New Advertisements.	Page	Col.	No.
Frederick Nelson,	1	1	1
Joseph Kelley,	1	1	1
Rev. Mr. S. H. Brown,	1	1	1
Providence, D. R. Stevens,	1	1	1

**HORTICULTURE.**—This branch of culture is receiving considerable attention of late, and Woburn is beginning to have quite an array of green-houses. We have several in town which compare favorably with those of this vicinity. One contains a valuable collection of choice and rare exotics, a visit to which, especially at this season, gives one a very pleasant sensation. Another furnishes large quantities of flowers for the Boston trade. Others cultivate bulbs, &c., and find a ready local sale for their potted plants as well as cut flowers. We stepped into a comparatively new green-house on Wednesday, owned by Mr. Joseph Kelley on Church street. The houses, or apartments cover an area of 107x21. Here are 1700 heads of lettuce preparing themselves for market, and radishes already for the consumers. Passing through the garden sauce corridor, we enter the main house, which is 70x21. Here are roses, geraniums, &c. In the third apartment is a large number of potted plants. On the glass partition between the rooms, smilax appears in great profusion. It is Mr. Kelley's intention to offer for sale every variety of flowers which the florists sell for this climate, and in his houses he is bringing forward plants and bulbs for the Spring trade. He hopes to have, by the time transplanting begins, a large stock from which our lady readers may fill up their flower beds and borders. His collection of border plants is very good.

The temperature of his house is kept very uniform. It was at 62 on the occasion of our visit. The houses are heated by hot water pipes, which receive their heat from a "Clay Boiler." This boiler appears to be the perfection of heaters, giving out a uniform heat with little attention and a small amount of coal. In its construction it is simple, but the pipes are so arranged as to give an immense area of heating surface. It is not an expensive heater, either in its cost, or in its running expense, and we advise any who are about to change the heating apparatus in their dwellings, to inspect this one of Mr. Kelley's.

Mr. Kelley's houses are practically new and his arrangements are not wholly complete. Still he has many things that are marketable, and in making floral purchases it would be well to examine his stock. Smilax is always in demand, and he has a good assortment of this. By the opening of spring he will be in good condition for customers, of which we hope he will have many.

**BALL.**—Once a year the Phalanx give a grand ball, and the managers exert their utmost to make it the ball of the season. This year they are determined to excel previous efforts, and all who dance may expect to see Lyceum Hall decorated most gorgeously, hear the most bewitching music, and see an array of other beauty and her chivalry, such as Woburn has never before exhibited. All this will transpire next Thursday evening. Be sure and secure a ticket, and encourage the boys of Co. G.

**COUNT REMFORD.**—This little pamphlet by Rev. Mr. Barnes, of which we have spoken, was put on sale last Saturday. Mr. Wyman, our post-master, whose hand is in every good work, has sold over a hundred copies, and all they go. They can be obtained at the Post Office, Horton's, Adkins', Hammond's, Thompson's and at North Woburn. Price 25 cents. Have you got one?

One of the abutments on Main street swept off the sand put on the ice in front of his premises by the Town employees, repeating the operation when the sidewalk was re-sanded. We presume he would pay the damage if any one should slip down before his door and break a limb.

**RE-VACCINATION.**—In order that all persons may be re-vaccinated the Town Hall has been opened for that purpose by the Board of Health. Physicians will be in attendance every Tuesday and Saturday from 2 to 3 o'clock, P. M., and on Wednesday evening from 7 to 8 o'clock, to vaccinate gratuitously all who come. Let all who need it go and have it done at once and comply with the law.

**DANCING.**—Wednesday evening was a great night for dancing. There was a surprise party at P. Crohan's, the Mishawum's held out at the Central House, there was a dancing school at Still's, and the L. W. Pernan's imbrued up at their house on Wain street.

**SILVER WEDDING.**—The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Felix Riley met at their house on Monday evening, and had a social time. There was a neat array of presents to remind them of their 25th anniversary.

**SURPRISE.**—Deacon Gage invited the "Supply Committee," of the First Parish, to meet at his house, Monday evening, and then surprised them by presenting their wives and the choir. All passed a pleasant evening.

**TONIC.**—The hair dressing known as Barrett's Hair Tonic is just the thing for the hair, and all who use it speak in praise of its good qualities. It is prepared by A. B. Barrett, the capillary artist over the way, and those who want to have their heads feel nice, had better drop in on No. 205, and have Barrett apply the Tonic.

**THAW.**—A mild persuasive wind from the south blew away the larger part of our snow on Tuesday. Or rather it blew upon it, and before its warm breath the snow silently melted away.

**FAIR.**—The Orthodox Fair this season will be on the 20th and 21st of this month, and promises to be the best yet given in the church.

**MR. EDITOR.**—In the recent case of varioloid reported at my house in which I am informed, I am censured by the public for my conduct, I feel that there may be a more proper understanding of the circumstances. It is probable that no case of varioloid ever occurred, where greater or more timely precautions were taken to prevent the spread of the contagion. Knowing that there had been a suspicion that some members of the High School had been exposed to the disease from the case reported of one of the pupils a few weeks since, the very first symptoms of illness in the young man were noted, and he was isolated at once from every member of the family, and disinfectants freely used. No member of the family was exposed to the contagion, not even his mother, and every possible precaution was taken, and it met the unqualified approval of the attending physician.

On Sunday morning, the doctor reported a slight increase of the symptoms, but declared that there had been no small-pox in town, it would never be suspected of being varioloid. He was asked if the family better remain in and he replied, "No, the stage of the disease is such that no one could take it unless they inhaled his breath." He called in the town physician and they saw the patient together, and went immediately out without speaking to or seeing any member of the family. Seeing them in conversation on the opposite side of the street, I went out and asked them if the young man was to be removed immediately, and the town physician replied, "he will remain as he is at present." I asked why not take him now, and he replied that the "fres were all out at the hospital, and the nurse away." Nothing was said by me about the family's remaining, going in or out or anything of the kind, but the town physician says that the expression I understood as "he will remain as he is at present," was "you will remain as you are at present," which was his notification to us as a family to stay in the house. The attending physician says also he remarked just as I was turning or had turned to go away, that we "had better not go to meeting to-day," which remark I did not hear and the town physician does not remember to have heard. Knowing all the circumstances in the case so well myself, of the uncertainty of the identity of the disease, of its unusual mildness, and the great precaution we had taken to guard against contamination, and having had the assurances of the attending physician, and hearing nothing to the contrary from the town physician, I was entirely thrown off my guard towards the feelings of the public, forgetting that they would know nothing of these circumstances, and would not know but that the house was rocking with the contagion, but thoughtlessly went to church as usual, and during the service, greatly to my surprise, and with the first impression that the young man had been taken suddenly worse, I was invited out of church by the sexton. I kept away from the house and went directly to my store, but having in mind that a notice for a meeting in which I felt a great interest had been omitted in the reading of the morning notices, I left my store at about one o'clock, the time when I thought the Sabbath school would be out, thinking I should meet the gentleman whose business it was to attend to it coming from that service and would remind him of the omission, but the Sabbath school having extra business to attend to was kept later than usual, and I all unsuspectingly got inside the vestibule door and met him coming out. This, I am informed, is construed into a willful defiance of the authorities and a total disregard of the public welfare. Nothing could have been further from my thoughts, and I was wholly unconscious that I was violating any order. I was supposed to have received. The idea that has been expressed that I defiantly put my opinions of the contagiousness of the disease against the opinions and orders of the Board of Health, I emphatically disavow. I had never the slightest thought of acting either defiantly or even indifferently, but honestly believed greater precautions had never been taken. "This is the head and front of my offending," and while I apologize to the public for the unnecessary alarm I caused them, I leave them to judge of the intent of the offense and if there were not some palliating circumstances for my conduct.

**SMALL-POX.**—There are two cases at the hospital, Master Jarius G. Bridgman has varioloid in a mild form. It is thought he took it from Master Taylor, at the High School. He was removed to the hospital Sunday afternoon and is comfortably sick. High School boys are frequently seen now scouting in the neighborhood of the hospital, and holding a high-toned conversation with him at a safe distance. The other patient is Mr. Charles Page of Central Square. He was taken there on Wednesday, and is quite sick. It is said that he remained at home and had no doctor, the Board of Health only learning of the case through the neighbors, whose fears were excited by his appearance. The nurses at the hospital were discharged last Saturday, but when Bridgman's case was reported, one of the Board immediately drove to Lowell, and re-engaged the male nurse; the female nurse also returned on Thursday. Every thing is done for the patients that is needed, and they are as comfortable there as they could be anywhere. Officer Davis visits the hospital daily, and whatever they require is furnished. The physician calls there the same as he would call at private residences. The repugnance felt by some in regard to the hospital we believe to be uncalculated for, and the very best place in which to be sick with the prevailing disease is the small-pox hospital.

**RUNAWAY.**—As Washburn's hand sleigh was driven out of the hotel yard, on Tuesday, the goat team was frightened at the music, and dashed wildly up the street. It was secured in a few minutes before any fatal results ensued.

**REV. MR. KELSEY.** who has been called to the First Church, was in town on Wednesday, "spying the land." He won golden opinions from all whom he met.

**CAMP FIRE.**—A large camp fire was lighted in Burbank Hall on Thursday evening, and comrades from Somerville, East Cambridge, Woburn, and other places gathered round. They were welcomed by Commander Conn in a most cordial manner. Com. J. H. Dussault responded for Somerville, Com. J. T. Wilson for Woburn, Com. H. J. Ferrin for Stoneham. Col. C. H. Taylor, Clerk of the House of Representatives, and Col. W. T. Grouse of Woburn also spoke. Referring to Still's, a grand army banquet was served. After the return to the Hall, more speeches were indulged in. Among the speakers were Major J. A. Cummings of the Somerville Journal, and A. M. Lunt of American Homes. Two comrades from Somerville gave songs, and Ferrin and the Brothers Davis of Stoneham favored the company in a similar way. At a late hour the fires were put out, and the comrades returned to their camps; those from below in a special train. The hall was very handsomely decorated, a splendid banquet from Com. Colegate's greenhouses, adorning the Commander's table. The camp fire was a great success, as all will say who were present.

**TOWN MEETING.**—The Town Meeting is called for next Monday afternoon, at half past three o'clock, as will be seen by the Warrant in another column. The third article refers to another issue of Water Scrip which will be necessary to send the water to the outlying villages. This request was refused at the last meeting, and recommended. The Selectmen have had hearings on the case which we have reported in these columns, and now they come before the Town again and leave the matter in the hands of the voters. The question at issue appears to be mainly one of land damage, and in all its bearings, unless it will be presented. The third article refers to another issue of Water Scrip which will be necessary to send the water to the outlying villages. This request was refused at the last meeting, and recommended. The Selectmen have had hearings on the case which we have reported in these columns, and now they come before the Town again and leave the matter in the hands of the voters. 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Vol XXII.

WOBURN MASS. SATURDAY FEBRUARY 15, 1873.

No. 22.

## NATURE'S REMEDY. VEGETINE

A valuable natural compound, for restoring the health and for the permanent cure of all diseases arising from impurities of the blood, such as Scrofula, Scrophulous Humor, Cancer, Carcinoma, Hemorrhoids, Erysipelas, Cancer, Salt Rheum, Pimples and Rashes on the Face, Eczema, Tetter, Itch, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pains in the Side, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Catarrhes, Dropsies, Piles, Headache, Nervousness, Pain in the Back, Fatness at the Stomach, Kidney Complaints, Female Weakness, and General Debility.

This preparation is scientifically and chemically composed, and so strongly concentrated from roots, herbs and barks, that its good effects are realized immediately after commencing its use. It is the only medicine of the human system for which the VEGETINE cannot be used with impunity. It is a powerful purifier of the blood, and its use is essential for the permanent cure of all diseases arising from impurities of the blood. It is a powerful purifier of the blood, and its use is essential for the permanent cure of all diseases arising from impurities of the blood. It is a powerful purifier of the blood, and its use is essential for the permanent cure of all diseases arising from impurities of the blood.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Prepared by H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass. Price, 25 Cts. Sold by all Druggists.

DR. C. T. LANC'S

Dental Rooms.

135 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

Opposite First Congregational Church.

POULTRY AND EGGS.

B. F. COLEGATE,

Is prepared to supply Eggs for Setting, of all the common or fancy breeds of Hens.

Also, for sale, flocks of Buff and Partridge Cochins, Dark and Light Brahmans, Dominiques, Plymouth Rocks, &c.

HENRY AT CUMMINGSVILLE

Woburn Mass.

E. K. Willoughby,

HOUSE & JOB CARPENTER,

Walnut St., Woburn.

Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, as heretofore.

CENTRAL HOUSE

Livery, Hack and Boarding

STABLE

212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

G. F. JONES, Proprietor

JOHN A. BOUTELLE,

GENEALOGIST

BANK BLOCK,

173 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Genealogical research, family legends, genealogical, Diplomas, Marriage Certificates, &c.

Office hours, Monday and Thursday afternoons. An Evening Session on Friday, Nov. 14, 1872, at 7 o'clock, P.M., and continue on Monday and Thursday evenings, for instruction in Bookkeeping and Penmanship. Terms for 12 lessons, in advance, \$2 for Penmanship, \$3 for Bookkeeping.

JOHN C. BUCK,

TEACHER OF

PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN.

Agent for First Congregational Church, Woburn.

Refers to the following testimonials:

WOBURN, AUGUST 9, 1872.

I take pleasure in recommending Mr. John C. Buck, organist of the First Congregational Church, to any many future pupils, as a teacher well qualified to give instruction upon the Piano-Forte and Reed Organ.

WILLIAM H. CLARK.

SAMUEL RINN,

Fashionable Bootmaker,

139 Main Street,

Opposite the First Congregational Church, WOBURN.

Repairing in all its branches promptly and neatly done.

W. H. FOSTER,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

FURNITURE,

OF ALL KINDS.

No. 241 Main St., Woburn

Upholstering and Repairing in all its branches. Promptly Attended to.

WILLIAM WINN,

Auctioneer,

Burlington, Mass.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate at the Auction Office, Woburn, promptly attended to.

THOMAS S. BANKS,

FLORIST,

Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.

Has constantly on hand, at his Greenhouse, a fine supply of Greenhouse Plants, such as the Azalea, Begonia and Cat Flowers, furnished at short notice.

A Chicago and the Great

Confagration!

On the morning of the 4th of this month, a great fire broke out in the city of Chicago, and a great number of lives and property were lost.

It was a terrible calamity, and a great many people were killed and injured.

The fire was caused by a small child who was playing with a candle.

The fire spread very rapidly, and in a short time it had reached the city hall.

The city hall was one of the largest buildings in the city, and it was a great loss to the city.

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## Poetry.

### WE CAN MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Though we may not have the cottage  
For millions tall and grand,  
Or exchange the little grass plot  
For a boundless stretch of land,  
Yet there's something brighter, dearer,  
Than the world's wealth thus command.

Though we have no means to purchase  
Gaily pictures rich and rare;  
Though we have not silken hangings  
For the walls so cold and bare,  
We can hang them o'er with garlands,  
For flowers bloom everywhere.

We can make home very cheerful  
If the right course we begin;  
We can make it inmates happy,  
And their trust blessings win;  
It will make a small room brighter  
If we let the sunshine in.

We can gather round a fire  
When the evening hours are long;  
We can lend our hearts and voices  
In happy social song;  
We can guide some erring brother  
Lead him from the path of wrong.

We may fill our homes with music,  
And with sunshine beaming o'er,  
Against all dark intruders  
We will firmly close the door;  
We should let the shadow enter  
We must have each one the more.

There are treasures for the lowly  
Which the grandest fail to find;  
There is a chain of sweet affection  
Between friends of kindred mind;  
We may reap the choicest blessings  
From the poorest lot assigned.

### Selected.

#### The Trumpeter's Horse.

I was nearly forty, and felt myself as securely anchored in my old bachelor cotchets, that on every occasion I swore with all sincerity, and by all the gods in the heathen calendar, I would never take a single risk in the matrimonial lottery; but I counted without the trumpeter's horse.

It was toward the last of September, 1864, I was on my way back from Baden-Baden, and I intended to spend at most, a day in Paris. I had invited four or five of my friends for the hunting season, to my estate in Picou. They were to arrive early in October, and at least a week was needed to make preparations. A letter from my steward, that awaited me in Paris, brought me unwelcome news. The bonds were all in good condition, but five of my twelve hunters had either fallen sick of some horse disorder, or had become lame during my absence. Their places must be supplied at once by others.

To this end a tour was made in the Elysian fields among the dealers, who showed me any number of animals—some better, some worse—that were recommended as hunters, at a moderate price—about three thousand francs on the average. I had experienced losses in Baden-Baden, and consequently was in no humor to spend seven or eight thousand francs without mature deliberation.

It was Wednesday, Cheri, one of the principal dealers, and his first sale of the season. Without any further knowledge of the animals he offered, than was derived from the catalogue and from their appearance, I bought eight for five thousand francs. Among them I hoped to find four or five, at least, that would do for relays, which would enable me to get through the season.

Among my purchases there was one horse that I bought almost solely on account of its color, which was truly beautiful. The catalogue attributed no special qualifications to him for the chase. He was entered simply as "Brutus," and he was, well built, thoroughly broken, and unknown." He was a beautiful dapple-gray, large, and very handsomely formed. The next day I went home; and the day following, early in the forenoon, a servant came in and informed me that the horses had arrived. I immediately went out to see them, or, rather, to see Brutus, for the handsome fellow had been in my head ever since I had bought him, and I was impatient to find out what kind of a companion he was going to make, and what he was capable of doing.

I had brought him out of the stable first. He certainly had all the signs of being a respectable age; but he was clean limbed, had a very handsome head and neck, a powerful shoulder, and a well-turned quarter. But it was not his points that so much excited my admiration, as the intelligent manner in which he observed all my movements. He even seemed to be interested in what I said. He inclined his head toward me, in order, apparently, to hear better, and when I had done speaking, he uttered a low whinny, seemingly in response. I looked at the other horses hastily. They were ordinary animals, without anything to distinguish them from thousands of others; not so with Brutus. He certainly differed much from the vulgar herd, and I was impatient to make a little tour through the park with him. He allowed himself to be saddled, bridled and mounted, like a horse that knows his business, and we started in the best possible humor with each other.

Cheri's catalogue had told only the truth. Brutus was exceedingly well broken; indeed he was too well broken for my purposes. He would give me a slow gallop at will, but he would not strike the ground with his forefeet in a peculiar manner; and when I tried to make him raise his head, when he carried very low, he would nearly tear my arm off. Finally, he took to prancing in grand style, like a show horse in the arena.

"Humph!" said I to myself, "I have here—or I am greatly in error—an old stager from the riding school of Saumur, or St. Cyr. He will have to be gotten out of some of his fancy paces before he will do for the chase."

I was about to return home, having sufficiently satisfied my curiosity in regard to Brutus's accomplishments, when I heard the report of a gun, discharged, apparently within twenty feet of me. It was one of my keepers shooting a hare, in the hope of being heard by some one; but I got no response. The park, at least where I was, seemed to be entirely deserted. There was only one thing to do—to wait till some one came along that way.

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"Madame de Noriols!"

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## LOST.

He was lost on the edge of the Adirondack Wilderness. It must have been the faces of some of these men. There were fine visages among them. But Josh and a hunter with dark, poetic eyes, would have been















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WOBURN MASS., SATURDAY FEBRUARY 22, 1873.

No. 23.

## J. T. Freeman,

130 Main St., Woburn, Mass.,

SOLE AGENT FOR WOBURN, STONEHAM, WINCHESTER, and vicinity.

FOR THE

## SINGER IMPROVED

## SEWING MACHINE.

The Singer Mfg Co. sold 181,260 Machines during 1871.

## The Singer Sewing Machine

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## First Premium

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Any other Sewing Machine furnished at the lowest Market price, if required.

Machines Sold on INSTALLMENTS.

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Also, Agent in Woburn, for the Sale of

## E. BUTTERICK & Co's

## PATTERNS OF GARMENTS.

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## Poetry.

### THE CRADLE.

The barn was low and dim and old,  
Broad on the floor the sunbeam slept,  
And through the window the doors  
Swift in and out the swallows swept.

And breezes from the summer sea,  
Drew through the air, and stirred the fragrant hay  
Down-dropping from the loft, where  
A gray, old idle fish net lay.

Heaped in a corner, and one loop  
Hung loose the dry, sweet grass among.  
And lambs were in all the winds  
It fluttered to and fro, and swung.

There one day the children brought  
The pet of all the house to play;  
A baby boy of three years old,  
And sweeter than the dawn of day.

They laid him in the dropping loop,  
And softly swung him, till at last,  
Over his head, the little fish net  
Drooped down, and he was fast.

And then they ran to call to all;  
"Come, see where little Bob is!"  
And brought him up the darling lay,  
A heap of joy to all.

Carried in the net, the dim old place  
He brightened, like a star he shone  
Cradled in air, we stood as once  
The shepherds of Judea had done.

And while adoring him we gazed,  
With eyes that gathered tender dew,  
Watchful upon the gentle scene  
The baby's nose in slumber drew.

"Is that all place for the child?"  
And out of his delicious sleep  
He stirred, and saw the little fish net  
And his own nose in slumber drew.

His father smiled and drew aside,  
A gray, sweet look was in his face;  
"For one who is in slumber lay,  
It was not found too poor a place."

One day there arose a slight difficulty  
In the office about the comprehension  
of a message sent from Chicago, and com-  
munications down back and forth for some  
time. There had been an absurd blunder  
at some intermediate point of the line,  
which resulted in much amusement when  
the nature of it came to light, and a good  
deal of "chaff" ensued between Miss  
Maverick and the Chicago operator, one  
Sam Norris. The incident was the be-  
ginning of a telegraphic acquaintance of  
the ordinary kind, a frequent interchange  
of morning greetings, and of comments  
upon the news of the day.

Numerous lively messages had passed  
between the two, when from the accidental  
wording of one of them Sam made the  
discovery that his Eastern correspondent  
was a lady. Naturally, the fact gave a  
sharp flip to his interest and curiosity.  
He set himself to learn her name, but for  
some time was unsuccessful; and half in  
pique, half in mischief, he gave his own  
as "Fred Lyndhurst." Sue did not hardly  
know whether to accept this romantic  
cognomen as genuine or not. She thought  
it sounded a little as if it had come  
out of a novel; so, as she did not  
choose to be victimized in any way, she  
coolly allowed Mr. Lyndhurst to draw  
from her the fact (?) that her name was  
"Violet Sinclair."

Now Sam was not a dull fellow, or one  
easily taken in; yet this pretty, poetic  
designation was received by him in good  
faith. In fact, Sue had managed the af-  
fair so adroitly that he imagined he had  
drawn the name in spite of her; and al-  
though he had sent a false one himself,  
he did not dream that she had done the  
same.

The acquaintance now progressed rapidly,  
scarcely a day passing without some  
interchange of communications between  
them. Presently it passed in the con-  
fidential stage, and they began to talk  
about themselves. By this time Sam's  
tendency was fully captivated, and he began  
to regret the deception he had practiced  
with regard to his name, especially as he  
had invested the pretended Fred Lynd-  
hurst with certain graces purely im-  
guinary, describing him as a tall, slender,  
dark-eyed youth with curling black hair  
and mustache; whereas the real Sam  
was short and thick, his stiff, sandy hair  
would not curl under any amount of so-  
litation, and his bushy whiskers were  
undeniably red. Somehow the fibs he  
had told did not seem half so amusing as  
they had at first, but he had not the  
courage to recall them; and often when  
some witty and sparkling message would  
come flashing to him over the wires he  
would catch himself fancying the mer-  
ciless ridicule he would have to meet from  
her if he knew, and hot flushes went all  
over him at the thought.

Now it happened that Sue Madrick had  
a sister who was engaged to be married to  
a young man named Ellsworth, who was  
in the hide and leather business in Chi-  
cago. And it further chanced that Mr.  
Ellsworth was the particular friend and  
crony of Sam Norris, and had been the  
latter's confidant in the affair of Violet  
Sinclair, though he was far from associat-  
ing that young lady with his prospective  
sister-in-law.

The telegraphic friendship  
had been going on for two or three months  
when Ellsworth came East to be married  
to Belle Maverick. One morning during  
his stay, he was driving out with Sue, and  
they fell to talking "office." "You see,"  
remarked Ellsworth, "I was an operator

myself, when I first went out West, and I  
still have a great many acquaintances in  
the various offices."

"Oh!" said Sue, "I have acquaintances  
all over the Union. I have quite long  
talks with an old fellow in San Francisco;  
and there is a girl in Dubuque who tells me  
all her love affairs. Do you ever go to  
the office of the Sun, Moon and Star line,  
of your city?"

"Frequently."

"Do you happen to know one of the op-  
erators there called Lindsay or Lynd-  
hurst, or some such name?"

She put the question in an off-hand,  
indifferent way, looking off, as she spoke  
over the landscape they were flying past.  
So it happened that she did not see the  
little start of surprise that Ellsworth gave  
or mark the intensely amused look that  
spread all over his face. He answered  
readily enough.

"Lyndhurst? Oh, yes; he is quite a  
friend of mine. What do you know of  
him?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. We have  
merely chatted a little across the wires."

She was so extremely innocent and un-  
conscious that Ellsworth knew in a mo-  
ment that this was Violet Sinclair. He  
said nothing to her, however, but the mo-  
ment he was alone with Belle he told her  
the whole story, and the two plotted mis-  
chief together. Several times after that  
Ellsworth took occasion to allude to his  
friend Lyndhurst, always speaking of him  
in such high terms of praise that Sue be-  
gan to feel much more interest in him than  
she would have chosen to admit.

On his return to Chicago, Ellsworth  
made haste to inform Sam that he had  
found Violet Sinclair, that she was a  
friend—he did not say sister—of his Belle,  
and a very charming girl. Sam was de-  
lighted, and under the influence of this  
new stimulus to his interest he solicited  
permission to write to her.

Now, hitherto, Sue had been very  
guarded in her intercourse with her tele-  
graphic acquaintance. Frank and straight-  
forward, she was yet not the kind of girl  
to be entrapped into any gushing intimacy  
with a young man she had never seen.  
But her brother-in-law's very warm en-  
dorsement of Mr. Lyndhurst seemed to  
give the affair a kind of sanction. There  
could be no compromise of dignity, she  
thought, in receiving a letter from such a  
person as he; so she finally consented to  
the correspondence. Sam wrote her a  
very neat and proper letter, which she an-  
swered in the neatest and properest man-  
ner; and so the affair went swimmingly on.

Next, Sam ventured to send her a  
pretty little ring, bearing the device of a  
violet in blue enamel, which he begged  
her to wear sometimes, and in return  
would he not send a little lock of her hair?  
He felt, he said, that they knew each  
other very well now, still, as they had  
never met, their acquaintance had  
something unreal about it, and if he could  
only have some slight token from her it  
would seem less like a dream.

When Sue read this request she burst  
into a peal of laughter all by herself. For  
you must know that her hair had always  
been her particular misery. It was just  
taw color, and it would neither curl nor  
straighten, nor even lie still in smooth bands.  
In truth, she was not a beauty. She had  
good laughing blue eyes, which could  
look off and tender, though that was not  
their habitual expression, a firm, saucy  
mouth, and a nose much too aspiring in  
its tendency for beauty.

"Oh, dear," she said to herself, "How  
little he knows what he asks! If I were to  
send him a wisp of my tow-colored tangle  
which wouldn't his romantic vision be rudely  
disappointed? But how can I content the  
young man? I might buy him a choice  
lock at the hair store; it would make our  
acquaintance so real! I vow I will. He  
does not know even my name, and there  
is not the slightest probability that we  
shall ever meet; so I am perfectly safe,  
and the joke is too good to be resisted."

Accordingly Mr. Fred Lyndhurst re-  
ceived a letter in which he found a long,  
soft, shining curl of richest auburn hair,  
tied with a bit of violet-colored ribbon.  
There was not a single word of reference  
accompanying it; he was left to his own  
inferences as to whose head it had grown  
out of. Sam was delighted; and as he had  
before drawn from "Violet" the admis-  
sion that her eyes were blue, his imagina-  
tion made a lovely picture of the unseen  
wearer of that curl.

It is probable that if Sue could have  
foreseen the turn events were to take she  
would hardly have ventured upon this last  
piece of humbug. She had, perhaps, con-  
sidered too confidently on the improbability  
of a meeting ever taking place be-  
tween herself and her Western correspond-  
ent. But circumstances came about  
which made it desirable that she should  
leave her place in the office for some few  
months; and she went to spend the win-  
ter with her sister in Chicago. Naturally  
she was not long in making the acquain-  
tance of Mr. Norris, who was a constant  
guest of the Ellsworths. The latter couple  
took every opportunity of slyly forward-  
ing an intimation between the two, who  
were soon fast friends. Indeed, it was  
mutual to the two plotters that they were  
falling in love with each other at that rate  
of accelerating velocity which governs  
the approach of two heavenly bodies; yet  
neither had the faintest suspicion of the  
other's identity. Sue did wonder a little,  
in view of the close intimacy she had be-  
lieved to exist between her brother-in-law  
and Mr. Lyndhurst, that she should never  
have met the latter, or even heard his  
name mentioned, since her arrival.

She concluded, however, that he must be out  
of town, and soon came to think of him  
much less than she had done. And a  
similar thing might be truthfully asserted  
of Sam and his unknown Violet. The  
truth is that though they each fancied  
there was something romantically inter-  
esting in their secret correspondence, and  
tried to feel very sentimental in relation  
to it, they were both by nature quite too  
matter-of-fact for that kind of thing.

The ideal Fred and Violet were very well  
mused over when they happened to be alone  
on moonlight erebuses; but the real Sam  
and Sue were capital company; and there  
was nothing under heaven to prevent their  
falling in love with their most com-

monplace and sleepily manner imagin-  
able. And that is just what they did, to  
the intense amusement of Ellsworth and  
his wife, who had planned such a result  
from the beginning.

One raw evening in March, it hap-  
pened that Sue was alone in her sis-  
ter's little parlor. The Ellsworths had  
gone out to some place of amusement,  
but she had been compelled to stay at  
home to nurse a disagreeable cold. She  
did not trouble herself greatly about  
feeling lonely, however, as she was toler-  
ably sure that somebody would "drop  
in," in the course of the evening to keep  
her spirits up. She was not mistaken,  
for soon the door bell rang and Sam Nor-  
ris appeared. They chatted and laughed  
for some time, talking a good deal more  
"chaff" than sentiment. Indeed they had  
never made downright love to each other  
though enough had been laughingly  
hinted for a very tolerable understand-

ing.

After a time it chanced that Sue's eye  
fell on a lock which Sam wore attached  
to his watch chain. She had noticed the  
trinket before and somehow felt an in-  
terested curiosity to know what it con-  
tained.

"What a pretty lock that is," she  
remarked innocently. "You never let  
me see what you wear in it."

Sam laughed, but colored in spite of  
himself, and drew back. "Oh, it's noth-  
ing," he said; "I only wear the thing for  
fancy." But he made no movement to  
show it to her.

"A very strong fancy I suspect," said  
Sue, mischievously. "You have some  
girl's picture in there, sir, and you don't  
dare show it to me?"

"Upon my word, I assure you it's no  
such thing."

"But it is something you are very  
choice of, as I have frequently noticed.  
Now, dear Sam," she added, coaxingly,  
"you will let me see it?"

Sam's face flushed with pleasure at  
that little word, "dear," but he still held  
back. "Indeed, Sue, I would with pleas-  
ure, if it were anything in which you  
could possibly take the slightest inter-  
est."

"That is very plausible, but I assure  
you, sir, I take the deepest interest in the  
young lady whose picture I believe you  
have there, and I mean to know how she  
looks." And as Sue spoke, she leaned  
forward, and caught the locket firmly in  
her hand.

Then ensued a double catastrophe. Sam  
seized her wrist with a powerful grasp,  
and a playful struggle ensued be-  
tween them. He tried to loosen her hold,  
but the firm little fingers were not easy  
to unclasp. However, he did succeed in  
forcing them open, and tried to take the  
locket; but unfortunately, the watch  
chain had caught in the setting of a ring  
which Sue, for some reason best known  
to herself, wore constantly with the jewel  
turned to the inside of her hand. In dis-  
engaging the chain, his attention was  
drawn to the ring, and to his intense as-  
tonishment he saw that it bore the device  
of a violet wrought in blue enamel on a  
ground of gold. He recognized it at  
once, and looked at Sue in amazed in-  
quiry. For an instant his grasp of the  
locket was relaxed. She saw it, and  
quick as a flash she had snapped it open,  
and there fell out a long, bit of curl of  
auburn hair, tied up with a blue ribbon.

An involuntary exclamation broke from  
her. She drew back and stared at Sam,  
who was staring just as blankly at the  
locket. They both stared for a moment in stupid  
amazement; then Sam spoke:

"Are you Violet Sinclair?"

Sue made him a mocking courtesy.

"At your service, sir. Have I the pleas-  
ure of speaking to Mr. Lyndhurst?"

The flush on Sam's face was half from  
anger.

"Perhaps, Miss Sinclair," he answered  
with cutting sarcasm, "you will be so  
kind as to inform me where that lock of  
hair came from."

"With pleasure, sir; I cut it out of a  
bunch of false curls belonging to my  
dear old aunt Maria." And Sue burst  
into a peal of laughter.

Sam was not quite so ready to see the  
ridicule of the situation. His charming  
ideal had been shattered at a blow, and  
for a moment he was half inclined to re-  
sist the thing. "I would not have be-  
lieved," he began. It was on his  
tongue to say he would not have believed  
she could have stooped to receive him so,  
but luckily he checked himself in time.

He remembered the description of Mr.  
Lyndhurst's personal appearance which  
he had sent in the beginning of their corre-  
spondence, and prudently withheld the  
reproach.

"After all it is an even thing," he said,  
laughing off the last remnants of his chagrin.  
"Neither of us has any right to  
complain of the other. But Sue," he  
added seriously, "I think we have had  
enough of humbug, and I want to talk  
now on the square, as we boys say. I  
love you, and I had begun to hope that  
you cared a little for me. But if you have  
been only fooling all these months back I  
want to know it now."

It will be perceived that Sam Norris,  
when one fairly in earnest, was not the  
kind of man it would be easy for a girl to  
trifle with, even were she so disposed, and  
that Sue certainly was not. She looked  
honestly into his face, and the laughing  
light in her great blue eyes, gave place to  
a glance more soft and tender than any  
she had ever fancied in the unseen  
eyes of Violet Sinclair. His heart gave  
one great throb, something very like a sob  
choked in his throat, and in a moment he  
had her in his arms.

When Ellsworth and Belle returned  
they found the pair sitting quite close to-  
gether on the sofa, looking rather foolish  
but supremely happy. Sue wearing the  
blue enamel ring with its violet no longer  
concealed, but in full view on the engage-  
ment finger.

Nothing further is positively known to  
me concerning these young people, and  
it is only by accident that I am able to form

a surmise as to their subsequent move-  
ments. But being at the Boston and Al-  
bany Railroad station a few weeks ago, I  
saw a young couple take the New York  
train. They had that indescribable but  
unmistakable "just married" air which is  
so delightful to the benevolent observer,  
and I at once took a lively interest in them  
—an interest which was not diminished  
when on closer observation I recognized  
the "soldier" Mr. Lyndhurst and his  
"own correspondent" Miss Sinclair.

LONDON JAIL BIRDS.

The garrotter or highway robber differs  
from other jail birds from head to foot,  
—a different style of person altogether.  
He is coarse-featured and heavy-browed  
and is often little better than an animal.  
To beat and kick and be brutal and rob,  
has been his occupation from the begin-  
ning. He can't even behave himself in  
prison. On his first arrival, he begins to  
resist authority, and during the process  
of searching, desires to know of the  
wardens who they're "a pullin' and a  
shovin' off." He often refuses to do hard  
labor, and is insolent on every possible  
occasion till one fine morning he is be-  
ckoned out of his cell, taken into a yard,  
strung up at the triangles, and flogged  
with thirty good lashes by a muscular  
warden. Then he cures in.

These scoundrels are the most hard-  
ened ruffians with whom the police have  
to deal in London. They commit the  
most desperate and murderous outrages  
on defenceless persons, and are the terror  
of the streets after dark. The writer  
has known a lady to be stopped in broad  
daylight in a leading London thorough-  
fare, to be nearly choked by a garrotter,  
to have her watch-chain and purse  
snatched from her, and then to be struck  
by a blow in the head, and all in the  
space of a few seconds when the traffic  
had been suspended for the moment.

Hyde Park at night was a few years  
ago, notorious in this respect, so that  
no person was safe in crossing it after dark.  
These desperadoes lurk in dark corners  
and doorways and lanes, and when a  
foot passenger passes, perhaps on his  
way home from a dinner party, — one ruf-  
fian darts out, catches him from behind  
by the throat, whilst the other ruffian rif-  
les the poor fellow's pockets. Once  
"pinned" by the throat from behind,  
there is little chance for a man except  
with a dagger, and these weapons Lon-  
don citizens do not as a rule carry about  
with them. However, Parliament ses-  
sion, and gives judges the power of order-  
ing "flogging by the common hangman" in  
case of garrotter robbery, and this, in a  
measure, stopped the crime in London.

It is a noteworthy fact, that these big,  
burly, hardened criminals howl and  
scream and use for money after a few  
strokes with the "cat," showing what  
cowardly ruffians they are.

It will be necessary, for the sake of  
brevity, to pass over some distinguished  
characters on our lists; but we will de-  
scribe the career of a counterfeiter move.  
He is a pale man, with deep lines on his  
face and an intellectual forehead, and is  
generally well on in years. A bit of a  
chemist, of course he is, well up in the  
use of galvanic batteries. These jail-  
birds usually live about the neighbor-  
hood of Her Majesty's Mint; they oc-  
cupy a cellar so as not to be seen work-  
ing at night; and the furniture of the  
place, for the most part, consists of shiv-  
ing lumps of metal; broken moulds of  
plaster of Paris; of dried and punched  
iron and steel; of Hessian retorts, Corn-  
ish crucibles, blow-pipes, spirit lamps,  
vials of different shapes, chisels, piners  
and glass jars closely stoppered; of a  
smith's bellows, and a galvanic battery.

The counterfeiter has his trade of mak-  
ing counterfeit shillings, half crowns and  
pennies, till he's "lugged," and then he  
spends his time in making counterfeit  
money for five years.

In prison he obeys rules and goes on well  
for a time; but it's not long before he is  
on the doctor's list, and if he is not put  
into a hospital, which if he is an old  
hand, he aims at as a comfortable place,  
he will turn his attention to marking  
himself. He will scrape the lime off the  
white-washed walls, and put it into his  
eyes to make them sore; he will dig a  
hole in his leg with a rusty nail, and rub  
into the sore, copper, or other poisonous  
matter; he will slice off the top of his  
thumb; and, if this doesn't do, he will  
shoot and die.

He has wonderful delusions, and fan-  
cies himself the Commodore-in-Chief of  
the British army, or a nobleman of im-  
mense wealth, tears up his clothes, paces  
his cell night after night, smashes every  
window he can come across, throws his  
arms around the necks of barly wardens,  
and declares they're his long lost rela-  
tives; and he has a disagreeable way also  
of falling upon the governor of the prison,  
hugging and kissing him and calling him  
"mother." The sufferings by starvation,  
want of sleep and clothing, which he will  
voluntarily undergo, to get admitted to  
the criminal lunatic asylum, are some-  
times amazing; but the advantages that  
he gains to himself are immense. He  
now has plenty to eat, with coffee, tea,  
beer and perhaps tobacco, — always a  
luxury in an English jail, — and nothing  
to do. His appetite returns under the ju-  
dicious treatment of the establishment;  
but in a somewhat modified degree he  
keeps up the sham until the time draws  
near for his sentence to expire, then it's  
different with what rapid strides he  
progresses towards recovery. It would  
never do to be thoroughly well, however,  
before the last day of his prison sentence  
expires; but when that day does arrive,  
he wants to know whether this is Kew,  
where they imprison sane people in lunatic  
asylums. He backstamps magis-  
trates, surgeons and attendants, and leads  
them all such a fearful life, that every  
one uses all the influence in their power  
to get rid of him, and finally a Secretary  
of State orders the gentleman at

liberty to return to his old occupation  
once more.

The utterer of counterfeit coin has not  
such a high social position as the coin-  
er; the latter is generally looked up to as a  
man of science amongst jail-birds. He  
performs his business in his own office,  
and has not to mix with the common  
herd in the exercise of his own vocation.  
He is the manufacturer — the wholesale  
dealer, so to speak; the utterer is a pet-  
tifogging huxter, dependent on the man  
of science for the commodities which he  
has to travel about to dispose of. His  
face, which is close shaved, or destitute  
of hair, is hard in outline as the head of  
a figure under a tobaccoist's shop. He  
is used to ups and downs in the world,  
and bears his imprisonment patiently.  
The police know him well, and he is fre-  
quently "wanted." When his time  
comes, he meets his captor good-nat-  
urally.

"Hallo, Tom, is that you? Looking  
for me? Well, let's have a dram to-  
gether afore I'm gated."

And he and the policeman adjourn to  
a neighboring pot-shop, where the ut-  
terer of counterfeit money finds tempo-  
rary consolation in two or three "half  
gins" of "blue ruin" (gin).

It is











MILITARY HISTORY OF WOBURN.

WOBURN NATIONAL RANGERS.

CHAPTER XIX.

Fall Campaign to Mine Run.

On Monday, Sept. 21st, our regular routine was broken, for the time being, by orders to draw eight days' rations, five to be carried in knapsacks, and three in haversacks, as Joe Hooker. This betokened a move at an early day, and when on Thursday, 21st, we received sudden orders to move, we were not disappointed, as almost any camp was preferable to our present one, though we did manage to find a still worse one.

On dress parade, Tuesday night, orders were read concerning the results of the Court Martial which had been convened, by which four men were sentenced to be shot for desertion. Three of them belonged to the First Division, the remaining one to the Second Division, 1st A. C. His name was Daniel Sullivan, of Co. D, 13th Mass., of our Brigade, and, as were the others, a conscript, or rather substitute, and deserted. Their sentence was that they be "shot to death with musketry, on Friday, Sept. 25th, in the presence of the Division to which they belonged," which sentence was approved by Gen. Meade.

The next day, Wednesday, we were treated to a division drill, the first and only one during our service. Gen. Reynolds commanding, and proved to be much more interesting, and far more pleasurable than our regimental "battalion."

As is before casually mentioned, we received orders to break camp during the forenoon of Thursday, and being always prepared to start at a few minutes notice, we were soon in line, ready for the march.

Just as we had formed our line, and were about to start, word came down that a lot of boxes had just arrived, when the Colonel at once ordered them to be distributed. Among them was that well known, familiar "Gage's box," and the contents were distributed as marked, and luckily for us, they were all quite small, so that they could be carried along without much difficulty. The delay thus caused, necessarily made our rate of march very rapid, but it was our old story, and we soon caught up with the remainder of the brigade. We continued our march through woods and intervals, for about six miles, when we reached the vicinity of Raccoon Ford, where we were to relieve the 11th and 12th Corps ordered West. As the troops were relieved of their tanks and other convenient articles of tent furniture, we were soon pleasantly located without much labor. As we made a general raid throughout the neighboring camps, now unoccupied, as we supposed. Very little was left, and one can imagine the situation, when the picket details of those corps, after being relieved by our corps, (though not from our division) returned to where their camps and personal property had been, and found no trace of them left. The night, it being about 12 when they were relieved, was alive with shouts and orders and individual expressions, as they found everything gone, and sleep was impossible. We were innocent of any wrong, as no orders had been issued, nor guards left, over the quarters, to lead us to understand otherwise than that all the troops had gone, and, as is always customary, to the next corner belongs the spoils always left in all camps.

Orders were at once issued for the resumption of camp duties, drill especially, but we soon escaped that tedious task to a great extent, by our large details for picket, which was far more preferable, though it compelled us to pack up all our worldly effects each time, as there was no surety of our returning to the same camp again. Our camp presented a great contrast to our former one, being situated at the edge of a forest in an open field, with plenty of wood, therefore, and the best of water, a great desideratum, instead of lime water, in using which it gave to us the semblance, though far from the reality of having that luxury, milk in our coffee.

Friday, the day assigned for the execution of the deserters, at last arrived, and we were ordered to pack up everything and be ready to fall in at half past one o'clock, to proceed to the scene of execution. Just as we were forming, line, orders were received that the execution had been indefinitely postponed. We therefore exchanged it for battalion drill, and enjoyed ourselves hugely tumbling over stumps and logs, which met us at every movement. In every military company there are always more or less men who are constitutionally incapable of keeping step under any circumstances, however favorable, and we were favored with several, but one in particular was a trial to a man's patience, who happened to be his closer, especially on battalion drill. On such ground as we were at this time manœvering, there were perfectly disastrous to himself and company. The continual succession of mishaps which befell him, kept all hands in laughter, which did not serve to mollify his usual quick temper, but the worst was reserved to the very last, as we were filing into the company street. Not heeding as usual, the "obstacle," he eclipsed all his former acrobatic efforts, which called forth the heartiest laughter from his comrades. The grotesque manner in which he regained his equilibrium, the perfect avalanche of words which followed, in which "Abe Lincoln's gun" received anything but complimentary terms, suiting the action to the words, by throwing it as far as he could, as it towards the place he wished to consign it, the almost reverential and apologetic manner with which he regarded it as on second thought he regretted it and commenced carefully to clean it with black handkerchief, for he was the nearest of soldiers, showing the strikingly opposite impulses of his nature, was an incident never to be forgotten, affording us many a hearty laugh at his expense in after days. But it was a poor soldier for keeping step in marching, he was always "out of keeping step" to the front, when in the marching movements, and fell, bravely, though, with terrible teeth of May at Laurel Hill, though at the time, reported "Missing in Action" on the rolls, from evidence afterwards received.

(To be continued.)

A little eight year old rushed into a teacher's examination at Oswego, N. Y., and bawled out: "Annie, your father is down to the house." Annie didn't pass.

**OLD AGE.**—An old person has feeble circulation in the feet and legs. Nothing contributes more to relieve the difficulty in breathing, and the chronic cough and other troubles about the head and chest, so common among old people, than keeping the feet and legs warm.

**M. S.**, a bank officer, had been sitting in a bank nearly fifty years. He came for some advice about short breath, wheezing and cough.

"Your feet and legs are very cold."  
"Yes; but how did you know it?"  
"By these troubles about your throat and lungs. There is congestion—too much blood there. If the legs and feet were warm, if they had their share of the blood, this congestion about the upper parts would cease, and this short breath, wheezing and cough would be relieved at once."

"How shall I make my legs and feet warm? I wear as much clothing about my lower extremities as I ever did, and yet they are like ices!"

"I will tell you a secret: An old man with low vitality must have two, three or four times as much dress about the legs and feet as a young man with high vitality. Now, you must put on two pairs of thick, knit woolen drawers, two thick stockings, and broad, strong shoes. Your legs will be warm enough, perhaps. If not, then put on a pair of wash-leather drawers over the knit woolen ones. With thick pants over these, you will probably be warm. In some rare cases even this will not keep the limbs warm. So you must add, and keep adding till they are warm. This is the way you do with your body; why not the same with your legs? You will thereby save your throat, lungs and head from many common troubles."—*To-day.*

**A correspondent of the Maine Farmer** writes: "Perhaps the family may live on a farm where wood may be had with little labor at the right time, but, instead of that, the woman may have small children, some of them sick, and but very little wood, if any. What can be more trying for a woman, when she can get very little time to work about the house, than to be hindered for the want of fuel? I think, if her husband could be placed in her situation for a month, it would cure him of being so negligent about providing good fuel, if he was not past curing. Besides, all the discomfort, it looks very shillies to see a man that cannot go to his work in the morning because he has to stop and get wood. And before he retires at night, he must get a rail of the fence to make a fire in the morning. Such a man cannot be said to be a thrifty farmer. I think the wood pile a fair test of the father's love for the wife and children. If you want domestic peace and a warm dinner, get some dry wood, put it under cover, make a good fire and let the tired wife rest awhile. Remember, she is shut up with the children more than you are, and her mind and body need rest and relaxation."

**VERY DEAF.**—Between Kenosha and Milwaukee an agent of the Traveller's Insurance Company of Hartford, entered the car, and having issued tickets to several of the passengers, approached an elderly lady, who, it afterwards appeared, was deaf.

"Madam, would you like to insure against accident?" inquired the agent, at the same time exhibiting to her his tickets.

"I got my ticket down to Kenosha."  
"Not a railroad ticket, madam; I want to know if you would like to insure your life against accident?"

"I'm going to Oshkosh to visit my daughter who is married up there and has just got a baby."

"Would you like to ensure your life against accident?"

"She's been married two years and a half, and that's the first child. It's a girl."

Agent, still louder:  
"I'm an insurance agent, madam; don't you want your life insured against accident?"

"Oh! I didn't understand you," said the old lady. "No; her name is Johnson, and mine is Evans, and I live five miles from Kenosha."

The agent vanished.

**Mr. Smith's wife**, who is an economical body, had sent a costly silk to a French dyer. The dyer himself brought the garment home, and, unluckily, as it happened, met the husband of the lady at the door.

"Is madame within?" asked the Frenchman.

"The husband, who was of a jealous disposition, replied—

"And suppose she is, what do you want of her?"

"I am dying for her, sir," replied the Frenchman, with unnecessary emphasis.

"You dying for my wife? get out of the house, you scoundrel!" and he had just raised his foot to kick the honest dyer into the street, when the lady made her appearance, and set the matter right.

**Jim H.**, out West, tells a good yarn about a "shell bark lawyer." His client was up on two small charges, "frivolous charges," as shell bark designated them, (giving a note of hand and stealing a horse). On running his eye over the jury he didn't like their looks, so he prepared an affidavit for continuance setting forth the absence of a principal witness. He read it in a whisper to the prisoner, who, shaking his head, said: "Squire, I can't swear to that d—n thing."

"Why?" "Kase hit brain true." Old shell indicted and exploded loud enough to be heard throughout the room.

"What for a note 'n' steal a horse, an' can't swear to a lie? Hang such infernal fools!" And he immediately left the conscientious one to his fate.

**Washington Irving** was once asked to lecture before a lyceum. He replied that he was not skilled in that kind of mental exercise. Some of our young authors and "discoverers" might take a hint from this great author. N. P. Willis, when once asked to make a speech, replied that it was not his forte. Said he, to quote his own words, "I am by profession a writer, and you cannot expect a pump to give water from the handle as well as the mouth."

**A PAIR OF BRIDES.**—This morning, at the Syracuse House, I breakfasted with a pair of brides and a pair of bridegrooms—a sort of bridal quartette. They were from Cortland, I think, in the country. I know they were just married, from a variety of reasons. First, when they alighted from the omnibus to enter the hotel, both young ladies took the arms of the gentlemen, who said, "Dear, let me carry you, satchel." Just behind them came some old married people. I knew they had been married some time, for the men bounced out, starting, luggage in hand, straight for the hotel, leaving their wives with small satchels to follow single file behind. At breakfast the brides appeared in bridal lavender—lavender dresses, lavender hats with lavender strings, and lavender gloves.

If I ever get married, Mrs. Perkins shall wear (if she pleases) a suit of plain black, and then we can enjoy our honeymoon in peace.

The young husbands were broadcloth suits and black slouch hats. Both wore paper collars and cuffs, and one wore a paper shirt bosom. Alas! what a shock such deception must be to a young and guileless wife. Why, in my opinion, a paper collar is no more indicative of a real shirt than a clothes line. At breakfast these young husbands didn't help themselves, but when they sat down at the table, they turned to the brides in lavender, and said, lovingly, "Have a roll, dear?" Then they put some butter on the lavender brides' plates, and they looked up and said, "Thank you, dear," with a smile too happy to describe. When breakfast was over, one of the young husbands smiled sweetly and said:

"Now, darling, can't I smoke just once—you know you said I might." "Yes, Charley, just once." And then the two brides stood and looked vacantly out of the window till their husbands came back. When the old married people sat down there was a different scene. The old fellows scooped in their beefsteak and sausage, never looking up to see how their wives were getting along, and when they got up they shuffled off into the reading room, and loaded up meerschaum pipes with the strongest camelshead. Then they talked politics, expectorating on the stove, and around the zinc stool mat, with out once thinking of their poor wives, who were left to amuse themselves in neighborhood chat.—*Elk Parkins.*

**LAW FOR EVERYBODY.**—A note dated on Sunday is void.

A note obtained by fraud, or from one intoxicated, cannot be collected.

If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker; he must pay it.

An endorser of a note is exempt from liability, if not served with notice of its dishonor, within twenty-four hours of its non-payment.

A note by a minor is void.

Notes bear interest only when stated.

Principals are responsible for their agents.

Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one. It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.

The law compels no one to do impossibilities.

An agreement without consideration is void.

Signatures in lead pencil are good in law.

A receipt for money is not legally conclusive.

The acts of one partner bind all the others.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.

A contract made with a minor is void.

A contract made with a lunatic is void.

The Rev. Mr. A., a Methodist minister in a Western village, observed one hot Sunday, that his congregation, with few exceptions, were wrapped in placid slumber. Suddenly pausing in his sermon, he requested Deacon B. to pass around the plate. The deacon, thus accosted, rose to his feet, and with a very red face, said: "The collection has already been taken up." "Never mind, brother B.," replied the minister, "take up another, for I intend to make the congregation pay for lodgings, as well as for spiritual food." When the second collection had been taken up, the congregation was very wide awake indeed.

A recently employed local editor on a western paper was annoyed by a seely looking fellow, who sat by the stove on cold night, last week, and warmed himself. "So here, old fellow," said he, finally, "hadn't you better go home?" The "old fellow" glared at him, but said nothing. After a few more minutes the editor took the old fellow by the shoulders to lead him out, remarking that it was no place for loafers. "See here, young man," roared the old fellow, "you evidently don't know who you're talking to. My name is—, and I am one of the proprietors of this paper." The astounded editor plunged headlong into a giggle hole.

In speaking of the want of ventilation in cars and public places, the New York Tribune says: "No one expects that lecture-room ushers and train officials will understand hygiene; but why should not the people who know better and have the power to make rules for ventilation which the men they employ can comprehend and be forced to execute?"

To show the workings of the competitive examination system, an English case is cited. One of the candidates spelled Venice with two 't's,—"Ven-nice." The examiner, who could spell, but could not speak correctly, sternly inquired: "Do you know, sir, that there is not a 'hen' in Venice?" Then eggs must be very scarce there, "was the reply, whereupon the candidate immediately passed.

Somebody has utilized pet and other names thus: For a printer's wife, Em; for a sportsman's wife, Betty; for a lawyer's wife, Sue; for a farmer's wife, Carrie; for a fisherman's wife, Netty; for a shoemaker's wife, Peggy; for a carpenter's wife, Maty; for an auctioneer's wife, Biddy; for a chemist's wife, Anna; for an engineer's wife, Bridget.

A green band with a horse, hired out and was set to carting gravel. Filling the cart was a simple matter. But how to dump it puzzled him. At last an idea struck him, and striking the horse forcibly under the belly, he shouted, "Hare up, ye devil!"

**R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF CURES THE WORST PAINS IN FIVE MINUTES.**

**NOT ONE HOUR AFTER TAKING RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.**

**The Only Pain Remedy** that instantly cures all the most distressing pains, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Stomachache, Backache, and all the other pains of the body, in five minutes.

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Vol XXII.

WOBURN MASS., SATURDAY MARCH 1, 1873.

No. 24.

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Dark and Light Brahms, Dominiques, Plymouth  
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## Poetry.

**WHEN I DIE.**

Darling, when the angels bid me  
To come over the angel sea,  
To the shores on which they gather,  
There to wait and watch for me,  
Come and kneel down close beside me,  
And, oh, whisper, though you weep,  
Of how much and well you love me;  
Death will come to me as sleep.

Kneel down by my bedside, darling,  
Take my hand in yours, and  
And the way will not seem lonely  
As I go away alone,  
And though all about grow dimmer  
In the fall of death's dark night,  
I shall feel your clasping arms,  
Heaven will break upon my sight.

Though I may not answer, darling,  
To your clasping or your kiss,  
To your kiss or to your hand,  
As the new life begins with this,  
I shall feel your clasping arms,  
I shall hear your whisper sweet,  
Mingling with the angel's welcome  
In the Golden City's street.

## Selected.

### Scorching a Scotchman.

A century ago, Scotchmen were the "merchant princes" of Richmond, Virginia. The race is of hospitable fame, and right royally was the national reputation maintained by the Richmond representatives of that ancient day. But a generation ago, the glory of the great Scotch merchants had departed with a few exceptions. It may be here remarked that the kindly Scotch heart not only "warms to the tartan," but to the sound of the home tongue as well. Scotchmen never lose their clanish love for a "brither Scot," whatever else may be lost to them, no matter where they may be found.

Among the genial-hearted Scotchmen in Richmond, say thirty years ago, was John Barr, a wealthy and much esteemed citizen, who was largely interested in the coal property, and carried on an extensive business at that time. He was a widower with two charming and accomplished daughters, who presided at his hospitable mansion.

It will not do to omit mention of "Our House," as Meg Dodds would term it, for its famous fine liquors and general good cheer, located on 13th street, and under the charge of Charlie Thompson. Now, in those days at least, a hot whiskey punch was considered the natural beverage in moderation, for a full-blooded Scotchman. For that matter, this is not altogether obsolete, even now. And as Scotchman Barr owned the building where Charlie Thompson dispensed his liquors and savory fluids, it was but natural that "Our House" should be the main fountain at which the constitutional Scotch thirst should be slaked, when the stomach struck the right hour, say about 11 o'clock A. M., for the first devotions. And so, in a calm, orderly, uniform way the days and nights of John Barr moved on, without even a ripple of unusual things, until one eventful day which came bigger with events to the unsuspecting coal merchant, than often came down upon that moral and peaceable city. It began without a cloud, but there was much hidden thunder in that sky.

One day, as good John Barr was sipping his punch at the handsome room where "Our House" beverages were dispensed and partaken, his quick ear caught the pleasant sound of a Scotch tongue, calling for the national connection at the bar. The party, upon whom the eyes of Mr. Barr were instantly turned, was a large, imposing gentleman of about sixty years. He was evidently a stranger, no common person, and a Scotchman—the last the best of all. He took his drink like a gentleman, paid for it like a gentleman, bowed like a gentleman, and retired like a gentleman.

The next day, at about the same hour, this new distinguished stranger appeared again at "Our House," took his tot, paid, bowed and went his way. Promptly on the third day came the mysterious but most interesting gentleman; but he was in less haste than before, and rested himself upon a chair. That John Barr should be eager to open a chat with this unknown but successful stranger, was not in this; and that they should take a little something, jointly and severally, was just inevitable. To say that the stranger proved a very pleasant man, would be unjust to the subject. He was simply fascinating. Evidently of much cultivation, he had also travelled extensively in many parts of the world, and had that air of refinement and dignity, which indicated habitual association with educated society. And so the ice once broken, there followed daily chats between the two Scotchmen, that soon partook of intimacy, and it naturally and easily ripened into this in a short time. This charming human addition to the social life of honest and unsophisticated John Barr, was named Campbell—of the pure blood of the famous stock, which is the pride of every true Scotchman.

His business was that of a tobacco dealer, for the purchase of which valuable vegetable he was now in Richmond, in the interest of the large New York house, of which he was the principal. He expected to spend an indefinite time in Richmond; which gave much satisfaction to Mr. Barr. And so, without effort or study, the two soon became close friends. In a short time Campbell was a frequent and familiar lounge in the office of Barr; and finally, a visitor at his house, where many an hour of genial comfort was passed by the two.

The close friendship which thus established, was cemented even more strongly by an event which occurred, say some three months after their acquaintance. Now, although John Barr was one of the most quiet and amiable of men, yet he had nerves and was sensitive. As

Campbell was taking his ease in Barr's office one day, conversation ensued which will explain a certain important matter.

"What's the trouble, John? You are fidgety, man. Anything gone wrong?"

"Wrong! Why I was to have received drafts this morning with which I was to pay notes, and now I've got to go out and borrow money, and I hate to borrow."

"Pshaw! what's the use of fretting about that?"

"Fretting!" exclaimed John, now fidgeting vent for his late steam. "Fretting! If you hated to borrow money as I do, you would know, sir, what's the use of fretting." And the coal merchant hopped briskly to and fro.

"Poh! nonsense, man. How much will you have to borrow?"

"Five thousand dollars, I suppose."

"Is that all?"

"All! The excited man paused in surprise at the question.

"Yes; because I can let you have five thousand dollars,—or fifteen thousand, for that matter—if you want."

Now our estimable friend of the black diamond neither considered nor cared whether his dear friend Campbell had five dollars or five thousand. In that kindly heart no selfish thoughts had intruded. The companionship had given him new and grateful pleasure, and he was satisfied with that. If, then, Campbell came very near to his bosom as a friend, how would he seem when he had not only five thousand, but fifteen thousand to lean to his friend in need? The reader will readily see how Campbell advanced in Barr's favor, when he gave him check for five thousand dollars on the bank of Virginia, with the assurance that he was in no haste to have the money returned, as he was not buying very heavily just then. The money was repaid the next day; but the generous aid was faithfully remembered.

And in this intimate way matters progressed. Campbell attended all the great sales at the tobacco warehouses, bid on very large lots; was often seen hurrying from one warehouse to another with least samples under his arm, and came to be considered as a very heavy dealer. In after months, however, although all recollected his bidding cautiously, nobody remembered of his buying a single pound.

By and by, Campbell's transactions required large sums of money. Sometimes his drafts failed to come in time; but the ample deposits of Barr were at his service, and occasionally used. He always had money to loan when Barr wanted to require it, and "he was exact in paying what he borrowed. This state of things continued about a year. One morning, Campbell failed to visit Barr's counting-room. There was nothing very surprising in this, only it broke out a great deal of Barr's daily necessities. Campbell had become a part of his very existence.

And so Barr fretted and fidgeted, and finally went home in much solitude. All the next day there was no Campbell. As the shades of evening fell, Barr despatched a note by a servant, addressed to Campbell at his boarding house, tendering any assistance in his power, in case he was confined by sickness. Of course Campbell must be sick. But judge of his emotions, if you can, when word was brought that Campbell had taken his luggage and left for parts unknown, two days before! And Campbell at that moment had twenty thousand dollars of Barr's money in his possession. If ever there was "a pretty kettle of fish," did not John Barr have it, when that horrid news from his very blood, metaphorically speaking?

It would be useless to dwell upon the condition of poor Barr's late soul. In fact, he didn't pause long over it himself. Twenty-two thousand dollars was a sufficient sum to put all sentimentalism to flight. Inquiries were at once set on foot, but neither policeman nor railroad official had seen him moving towards distant parts. Finally Barr started northward after his treacherous and fugitive friend or enemy. At Washington not the least clue of Campbell could be found; but taking the suggestion that pursuit southward would now be useless, Barr concluded to push on. Philadelphia could give no aid, and he started for New York, about hopeless of success, and with a heart of lead.

Arriving in New York, the afflicted gentleman proceeded at once to the office of the famous "Old Hayes," then at the head of the police of that city. Inquiries were made of all officers who might know of such a man's arrival as Barr was hunting, but not a word of hope could they give. Old Hayes finally advised that inquiry should be made of a certain firm of professional detectives that sort of business was just in their line, and they would be much more likely to know anything that could be learned of the case than the regular police force would. It was night. Poor John Barr had been racked with anxiety, and without rest or sleep, for two days and nights. Not one ray of hope had come to cheer him. That he should seek this firm of detectives, rather than despair than a belief that any good may come of it, may well be believed.

Reaching the office he sought, a short, square-built man, about forty years of age, was found there; and the moment he heard John Barr's inquiry, he answered—

"All right, sir. Campbell arrived here two days ago. He has been absent for a long time, and as it was full time for him to finish any job on hand, we have been on the lookout for him for two or three weeks. The moment he arrived we put a man on him. He is at a boarding house one day, and yesterday moved to another. Here is the row."

A flood of great joy made Barr speechless. Recovering, he proposed to march at once upon the enemy, and capture him.

"Softly, Mr. Barr," said the detective. "Campbell is sharp, and no fool to be caught as easy as that. If you go now, we will lose him, sure. You just keep cool, and let us work it out. We know our man."

At this John Barr rebelled. He couldn't see why an arrest should not be made instantly. He didn't want Campbell now so much as he did once; but he wanted the money. Finally, after expostulation, the sensible adviser said—

"Mr. Barr, you are nervous and worn out. You want sleep. Take my advice. Go to a hotel; eat a good supper; and get a good night's sleep; and come down here about nine o'clock, and then we will do something. Campbell must be let alone to night, at least."

And Barr, perforce, followed this advice,—omitting no part of it, as he himself declared. After a sound sleep, he arose a new man, full of confidence that his money was within his reach.

Promptly at nine o'clock Barr was at the office of his detective friend, not in the least rebellious, but ready to be submissive to good counsel. He sat uneasily, and he winced—how could he help it—when Mr. Barr—calm and cool detective Barry—in reply to a strong hint that it was time to go for Campbell, said, "Don't you fret now, Mr. Barr. You've had enough of that."

At the end of an hour, Barry took his hat and quietly remarked, "I guess it's about time to start." His companion was instantly upon his feet. "Let me see," musing. "About the first place to go to; Campbell is a swell-head rascal, and affects Wall street. Let's go to Wall street first, and see what we can find there." And the two sallied forth.

They entered Wall street, and had not advanced twenty steps from Broadway, when they came plump upon the fugitive, face to face. The moment Campbell discovered Barr, he hastened to seize that worthy person's hand in both his own, and with the heartiest shake of a rejoicing man, poured out his assurance of unbounded delight at meeting his dear friend once more.

"The fact is," said the smiling Campbell, "I have been in the greatest worry about my leaving Richmond so suddenly, and without a word to you. I got letters from my house, that compelled me to leave instantly, and I was just on my way to a friend's office to write an apology and explanation of the whole matter. But I am delighted to see you here."

Poor, guilty John Barr. How he wished he had not come to New York! What a fool he was to leave Richmond. And how mean and ungrateful, to have distrusted such a friend. It was all plain enough. Why did he not think that sudden business might have called this noble man away unexpectedly? He was full of shame and abasement. He blushed and stammered, under his overwhelming sense of wrong and guilt, and was in a mighty pucker, when the calm voice of Barry startled him with fresh alarm.

"Come, gentlemen, let us step in somewhere and take something."

What should Barr do, in this strait? The detective would certainly expose his shameful distrust of the estimable Campbell, and the wicked purpose which had treacherously brought him to New York. In his desperation he tried one or two stunts. Somehow Barry did not seem to appreciate the reason for Campbell's going; but moved on to the proposed asking of something, as though he were absorbed in that. And the nervous, trembling, humbled Barr had no help but to follow. The three were presently seated in a quiet room, alone, whether the landlord took them in a very knowing way. Two of these customers he had seen, and knew, before.

"Well, gentlemen, what will you have?"

Barr ordered whiskey punch—Scotch; but he had no hankering for it just then. Barely and water came for the other two. Now the cigars; and then, sip-puff—that. It was wonderful to see the satisfied twinkle in the eyes of the detective, and the smiling and courteous ease of Campbell, contrasted with the dignity of Barr. What should he do? Every moment he expected the terrible explosion to come. How could he explain his shameful distrust, so as to be forgiven by this dearly cherished and now so greatly and so cruelly wronged friend? And out it came, at last, sure enough. When the supply of liquor number two, and cigars were brought in, and the sip and puff were quietly in progress, Barry opened fire.

"Well, Campbell, you understand what we want of you. You have twenty-two thousand dollars of Mr. Barr's money, and he wants it."

As this thunderbolt came, Barr felt much like shooting from the room; but the answer of Campbell produced another revulsion and convulsion, in his tumultuous breast. The moment the detective made his speech in a cool, measured tone, Campbell's whole manner and mode of speech were changed.

"Look here, Barry, I have spent a whole year on this job, and it was a cursed poor one at best. It is hard—d—d hard; but I suppose I must do something. I will give Mr. Barr ten thousand dollars, and not a d—d cent more. That won't leave enough to pay my expenses hardly."

John Barr's eye glared. His Scotch blood was beginning to boil, and his fingers to play. He felt a sudden appetite for his beloved Campbell's throat. But he had been warned to keep silent and let things take their course; and Barry's voice recalled him in season.

"Mr. Barr wants twenty-two thousand dollars," was all the reply made by Barry.

"He won't get it, then. Just consider the time it has taken, and the expense." This was put with a serious air of a sound business argument. "I can't afford to give even ten thousand."

"It is hard, I know. But you can't expect to win always, you know. Twenty-two thousand is the figure, and not a dollar less."

"If you will say fifteen thousand, I suppose I will go that. But it is cursed hard on me."

"Twenty-two thousand, and now?"

"Then you may whistle for it and be d—d." This was said with a dogged air and tone.

"Look here, Campbell, you are no fool. You know you are caught, and if you won't help yourself out, nobody else will. The case is exactly this. You can fork over the cash. If you won't, but this will take time. Now Mr. Barr don't want to trouble you. He only wants his money; and that he is sure of. The choice for you is, to pay the cash, and make it up in another job; or go to state prison for years and have the money taken out of you in another way."

"D—d hard!" muttered Campbell.

"You must decide. Either pay the money down and go, or I arrest you on the spot. You understand my style, and what I mean. Now decide."

Campbell swore, in a mighty rage, over his hard luck. The loss of so much time and so much expense, seemed to weigh him down. But he paid John Barr twenty-two thousand dollars; Barr paid the detective five hundred of it, and he returned to Richmond, a richer and a wiser, if not a happier man than he had been for the twelve months before.

THE FIRST TELEGRAM.—The bill met with neither sneers nor opposition in the Senate, but the business of that House went on with discouraging slowness. At twilight on the last evening of the session (March 3rd, 1873) there were 119 bills before it. As it seemed impossible for it to be reached in regular course before the hour of adjournment should arrive, the Professor, who had anxiously watched the tardy movements of business all day from the gallery of the Senate chamber, went with a sad heart to his hotel and prepared to leave for New York at an early hour the next morning. While at breakfast, a servant informed him that a young lady desired to see him in the parlor.

There he met Miss Annie Ellsworth, then a young school girl—the daughter of his intimate friend, Hon. Henry L. Ellsworth, the first Commissioner of Patents—who said, as she extended her hand to him: "I have come to congratulate you."

"Upon what?" inquired the Professor.

"Upon the passage of your bill," she replied.

Impossible! Its fate was sealed at dusk last evening. You must be mistaken."

"Not at all," she responded. "Father sent me to tell you that your bill was passed. He remained until the session closed, and yours was the last bill but one acted upon, and it was passed just five minutes before the adjournment; and I am so glad to be the first one to tell you. Mother says, too, that you must come home with me to breakfast."

The invitation was readily accepted, and the joy in the household was unbounded. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth had fully believed in the project, and the former, in his confidence in it, and in his friendship for Prof. Morse, had spent all the closing hours of the session in the Senate chamber, doing what he could to help the bill along, and giving it all the influence of his high, personal and capable position.

Grasping the hand of his young friend, the Professor thanked her again and again for bearing him such pleasant tidings, and assured her that she should send over the wires the first message, as her reward. The matter was talked over in the family, and Mrs. Ellsworth suggested a message which Prof. Morse referred to the daughter, for her approval; and this was the one which was subsequently sent.

A little more than a year after that time the line between Washington and Baltimore was completed. Prof. Morse was in the former city, and Mr. Alfred Vail, his assistant, in the latter; the first in the chamber of the Supreme Court, the last in the Mount, Clare depot, when the circuit being perfect, Prof. Morse sent to Miss Ellsworth her message, and it came—

"WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!"

It was sent in triplicate in the dot-and-line language of his instrument to Baltimore, and was the first message ever transmitted by a recording telegraph. A fee simple of that first message, with Professor Morse's indorsement is here given.

The story of this first message has been often told with many exaggerations. It has roamed about Europe with various romantic material attached to it, originating mainly in the French imagination, and has started up anew from time to time in our own country under fresh forms, but the above story is simply and literally true. An inventor in despair receives the news of his unexpected success from his friend's daughter, and he makes her a promise which he keeps, and thus links her name with his own, and with an invention which becomes one of the controlling instruments of civilization for all time.—SCHREYER'S for March.

A young man being asked if he was a professional tobacco smoker, replied: "No; an abuser."

The coolest man yet discovered is he who stopped a train on the Pennsylvania road the other night by swinging a lantern and hauling the Bremen some currency, requested him to bring down a quarter of a pound of fine-cut tobacco.

## A STORY FOR BOYS.

"Here, boys, are twenty shillings for each of you," said Mr. Mitchell, to his twin sons, Clarence and Edward, on a bright winter morning, as they sat at breakfast,—he handed them each a gold piece—"I hear that you are each at the head of your classes in French and Latin and this is to express my satisfaction at your progress. You are at liberty, of course, to expend it as you please, but there is an art in spending money. It may be done selfishly, or disinterestedly. It may be productive of happiness, or of bitter memories; and though the sum be small, how to spend it is worth learning."

"It is hard, I know. But you can't expect to win always, you know. Twenty-two thousand is the figure, and not a dollar less."

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"Nothing, sir," Clarence bent his head modestly, but without shame; and there was a manliness in his tone which convinced his father that all was right.

"Nothing? Well, that may be; but I will venture to say my boy has not made an unprofitable investment."

"I hope not, sir."

"If he had done wrong with it, he would not be my Clarence," said his mother tenderly.

Clarence looked at her with an expression of deep feeling, then went to her silently, put his arms affectionately about her neck, and laid his head on her shoulder. When he raised it again, a tear fell upon her robe.

"My darling boy,"—she embraced him tenderly—"the secret is yours. You have a right to it, and I am sure it is an honorable one."

"Thank you, mother," he whispered in her ear. "Does father think so? He has said so?" His mother repeated his questions.

"To be sure, my son, I am satisfied. Come here, and he threw his arms about him, and laid his head upon his bosom."

"Father will trust, where he has never had cause to distrust."

Clarence could only once more whisper his thanks. It was tenderness not grief that caused his tears. He was a type of all that is noble and generous in boyhood. Had he been otherwise, had he expended his gift in folly, or in vice, no reproaches that could have been uttered, would have affected him, or called him a bitter repentance, like the confidence that was reposed in him, and the tenderness which had just been manifested.

"To prove himself worthy of that love and confidence would be henceforth be his highest earthly ambition. Oh, that all parents would but understand this, and appealing to the higher nature, the better attributes of their children, call them into exercise."

Edward wished from his heart that his brother would reveal to him what he had done, but there was a code of honor in every home, and it was understood by all its members. Clarence had shown by his silence, that he did not wish to be questioned; yet to be one for a moment, doubted that he had made a right use of his money.

And now, although Clarence supposed his secret to be safe from all but the eye of his Father in Heaven, we, who have followed him unseen, and watched him through all, will relate it in confidence to our readers.

The day on which he received the gift was bright, clear and frosty. It was December, and though the sun shone cloudlessly in the blue heavens, it had no power upon the icicles which fringed the iron railings, or fell from the trees in showers of brilliants, splintered and shivered by the wind. The air was healthy and exhilarating to the well-clad; but to the poor, unprotected child of want, it came too keenly. Clarence hurried on with his slates over his shoulder, to join a skating party. It was vacation now. Eddie was to join the latter. His hands were thrust into his coat pockets, and he pressed on against the wind, when he felt his arm seized from behind.

"Quick! quick! come quick!" said a little, dirty, ragged, bareheaded and bareheaded boy, seemingly half frantic with grief and terror. "I believe mother is dying. Do come quick."

Clarence obeyed impulsively; while the child, still clinging to his coat, dragged him on.

The home, if such it could be called, was not far distant, and the scene which presented itself on his entrance, was awful indeed. A woman, surrounded by three or four children screaming with terror, was lying on a miserable bed in frightful convulsions. The foam was on her lips, her clenched hands seemed fixed in an immovable clasp, and her appearance was altogether horrible.

"I will go for a doctor," said Clarence, and remembering that he had seen a physician's house on the way, he ran with all speed to summon him.

The doctor followed him immediately, and while he was administering to the poor sufferer, Clarence had time to observe the scene around him. What misery was there. Never had he seen or conceived anything of the kind before. The poor mother had toiled until over-exertion and starvation had brought her to her present terrible state. The children were thin and meagre, only half clad, and no fire upon the hearth. When they saw the friendly, earnest face, they gathered around him—for children understand well, a look or tone of sympathy.

"Are you hungry?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes, dreadfully hungry."

"And cold too," he said; and with a heart bleeding at the sight of such destitution and misery, he hurried to a restaurant near by. His goldpiece was now in requisition. Thank God for his possessions!

Hot rolls and hot coffee in abundance soon drew the little famished creatures to a corner of the hotel, where they satisfied their hunger and hushed their cries.

For full an hour the agony of the poor mother lasted; then she lay motionless from utter exhaustion, and finally fell into a profound slumber. A portion of the gold piece yet remained, and Clarence tendered to the doctor the usual fee. A smile stole over the face of the wealthy Dr. S.—(for it so happened that one of the first physicians of the city had by chance been summoned,) but there was a tear in his eye, as he looked at the boy earnestly.

"God bless you! my noble little fellow," and he laid his hand upon his head. "No, keep your money for other good deeds. But tell me, are you poor?"

Clarence looked up at him and smiled. After a moment's pause, "Only my father's son, sir."

"Well, well; you choose to do your good deeds under a veil. I see; any father should be proud of such a son. I never saw you before; but I think that we shall meet again. You have a heart, my boy, too large for that manly little frame." He laid his hand kindly upon his head, shook him warmly by the hand and disappeared.

Clarence went also, but returned in an hour, bringing with him a pair of new shoes for each of the two eldest children. These exhausted the money he then had with him; but his "charity box" was at home, and on that fund he determined to draw in behalf of the sufferers. While deliberating on what they needed most, his good intentions were forestalled by the appearance of the doctor's carriage at the door; and the doctor himself, springing out, hastily took from his numerous packages of clothing, provisions, &c., an ample supply for



## Middlesex County Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1873.

The figures printed with the subscribers name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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C. D. Brown.	1	1	1
G. Horton.	1	1	1

## OLD FASHIONED WEATHER.

We had an old fashioned storm last Friday. The weather was a threatening look all day, like that of an old lady who has mislaid her snuff box. About the middle of the afternoon it began to snow all at once, as a boy goes into the water when the ice breaks under him. And it kept snowing harder and harder, till you could tell whether the air was full of snow, or the snow was full of air. The snow was as dry as a drunkard in jail, and let you through in a manner surprising to short legged people. It was a very cheerful evening; so lively, you know, so brisk, and all that. The fair at the Orthodox vestry was somewhat interfered with. The waiters were waiting. The guests were there, too—a few of them—but they guessed they wouldn't stay very late, for fear of being snowed out. They had a ball over at Arlington, and 19 went to it, and those heroic young men danced with their courageous partners till breakfast time. How happy all the old people were to see such a storm. It was a faint reminder of their younger days. Only a faint reminder, for "these days are not like them days," when the drifts went right over the top of the house; but it will do for young folks.

Next day the wind began to blow and the snow to pile up. As fast as a path was dug out, the wind would fill it in, and one determined old gentleman, who was bound to have his own way, was shovelling pretty much all day in the endeavor to keep the road open from his house to the street. The breaking out of the roads was like old times, sure. It was a work of some difficulty, and in some of the towns in this neighborhood was not thoroughly accomplished for several days. We have always heard people sighing for old fashioned winters, and they told how much healthier they were, and how much more snow they had, and how much better they were every way. Well, we've had one. This winter answers all the requirements. We've had plenty of snow, lots of sleighing, and now look out for health. We expect a large reduction in the death rate this year. No one grumbles at the weather, or if he does he keeps still about it, and every one seems satisfied with the old fashioned winter.

8:44.—Some years ago, a party of horsemen and others were having an evening's amusement, and it was finally proposed to run a foot race round the Common. The starter took his stand opposite the Baptist church, and after considerable scoring the crowd got away in good shape. One of the boys took the pole at once, and at the first turn led the others some lengths. Seeing no chance to win, one of the slow ones, as he passed the Town Hall, went into the Common, and by a short cut was at the winning post ahead of the field. This astonished the would-be winner, and some very loud talk ensued, which so scandalized the neighbors that the village Dogberry took notice of it, and the boys were mulcted \$5 and costs, a total of \$8.44. One of them kept a stable, and not long after, the Justice hired a horse for a drive, nothing was said about price, but on his return, the judge alighted and asked "What's to pay?" when the man of horses replied with great fervor, "8.44." The unhappy judge paid the bill, and swore all the way home if he ever caught that fellow again he'd give him, &c., &c.

TALE OF A MUFF.—One Sunday not long since, one of our most stylish young ladies walked into church with that inevitable grace that is at once the peculiarity and the charm of the female domination. As she took her seat, by a little behindhand movement she arranged her overskirt, and then settled herself to meditate upon how she looked, and to observe what the other girls had on. The service concluded she arose to go out. Alas for human hopes! That last touch on the overskirt was too much; she threw it too high, and there it rested on an old muff, which was serving as a bustle. And there the wicked muff remained, while the wretched girl wiggled away all unconscious of the joy that filled the hearts of the other girls who saw it.

FIRE.—A terrible fire occurred in Boston, Thursday. It was terrible, not so much on account of its extent, as that several lives were lost. It seems that a two-story building was altered to a five, and the walls were but 8 inches thick. The roof fell in, and the walls fell out, burying the firemen who were at work fighting the flames. Several girls employed in the building were injured by jumping from the roof, as in their fright that appeared to be the only means of safety. At the present writing 5 lives are known to be lost, and this at midday in the heart of the city. And yet there are some who think there ought to be no Building Law in the State.

EXTRA TRAIN.—Monday morning a horse attached to a pump ran away at West Medford, and came up the track. At Winchester, the switch being set to go up the Branch, the horse took that course, and was stopped at Moseley's, the grade being too much for him. Neither animal nor pump were seriously injured.

SELECT ASSEMBLY.—We learn that Mr. C. B. Stevens will give a grand select assembly at Lyceum Hall, Friday evening, March 7th, 73, as the termination of his Dancing School, Allen's Quadrille Band being engaged for the occasion.

Rev. Mr. Kelsey has accepted the call of the First Congregational Church of this town, a letter to that effect being read last Sunday.

No flag adorned the peak of the flagstaff on Washington's birthday.

SELECTMEN.—All present but Tidd and Emerson. E. E. Thompson and Major Bancroft, appointed a committee to appear before the Committee of the Legislature on Water Supply and Drainage, Friday, Feb. 28th.

Tidd, that an account of stock at the Almshouse be taken Friday, 28th, P. M.—and an account of highway stock, Monday, March 3d.

Voted, to adjourn to Monday, March 3d, 1873, for approval of bills.

On motion of Major Bancroft, it was unanimously voted that the following resolutions be adopted:—  
Whereas, in accordance with the requirements of the proclamation of the President of the United States, making it necessary for all employees of the government to vacate any local office they may hold conflicting with their duties as Federal officers, our worthy and efficient Town Clerk, Nathan Wyman, Esq., has been compelled to resign the office he had so ably filled for a period of nearly thirty years, it is therefore

Resolved, that the board of Selectmen in accepting this resignation, express their regret at the loss to the town of an officer of such long experience, of such tried fidelity, and of such thorough ability; of one who has actually grown grey in the service of his fellow citizens; of one who has so acceptably filled an office for almost an entire generation, and found amidst all the political excitements and changes of the day no successful competitor; of one who is a perfect embodiment of our local history, a participator in all public events from an early period, and an advocate at all times and in all places of all those public measures which have served so materially to establish the growth and present prosperity of Woburn.

Resolved, that the thanks of the board of Selectmen be tendered to Nathan Wyman, Esq., upon his retirement, for his long, uninterrupted and valuable services as Town Clerk of Woburn.

Resolved, that the clerk of the board be requested to convey to Nathan Wyman, Esq., a copy of these resolutions.

The celebration of the twenty-second of February was never more general or marked by more interesting occasions in Boston and vicinity. The day was bright, sunny and pleasant, though rather cold, and all seemed glad to enjoy the national holiday. Banks, insurance offices, the custom house and wholesale stores were closed, and flags and bunting were everywhere displayed. A national salute was fired on the Common at noon. In Brookline, the new town hall, the largest and finest in the State, was dedicated with a historical address by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, the Hon. William Aspinwall presiding. In Framingham, a new memorial hall was dedicated with an address by George B. Brown, Esq. The Tigers dedicated their new armory in Minot Hall with a supper, drill and a dance. The New England Association of Soldiers of 1812, held its usual semi-annual meeting; and the Mechanics' Apprentices' Library Association celebrated its fifty-third anniversary by an address and a supper. The Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society had its third anniversary in Tremont Temple. The sixth annual meeting of the New Jerusalem Conference was held in the hall of the church on Bowdoin street. The Constitutional club, the Boston yacht club, the Backs club and the Bay State Council of the Order of United American Mechanics also took notice of the day by dinners and speeches. —Boston Advertiser.

A HOUSE OF MORE THAN ONE STORY.—There is near the Boston and Lowell railroad in Somerville, a handsome brick house, just discernible from the cars as they enter a cut on the road, which has a romantic history. It was built by a rising young lawyer of Boston who was engaged to be married. He had fully furnished the house in anticipation of soon making it his home with his young wife, when the engagement was broken off for reasons, which if they could be related, would greatly add to the romance of the story. The disappointed lover shut up his new house just as it was, declaring that it should not be opened as long as the would-be bride should live. That was nearly twenty years ago, and the furnished but untenanted house stands closed just as it was prepared to welcome its expected mistress. —Lowell Journal.

LUCKY ESCAPE.—Mr. George Parker in the employ of Messrs. S. O. Pollard & Co., came very near furnishing us with a serious item. His clothing was caught by a revolving pulley and in a moment he was drawn between the pulley and the belt. He was thrown over the shaft and piled up rather unceremoniously in one corner of the room, but fortunately without injury.

ACCIDENT TO A CONDUCTOR.—Last Sunday, John Blood, the popular conductor on the Lowell Road, met with a serious accident. He was putting his horse in the stable, when the barn door was blown violently against him, and he was thrown down, one leg broken and the other badly sprained at the ankle. He will probably be confined to the house two or three months.

DANCING.—The Perham Hose had a good time Wednesday evening. There was an old time dance in Temperance Hall, Tuesday evening. Thursday evening, Washington Hall, Cummingsville, was all aglow, and this (Friday) evening the 3rd annual Masonic Ball is to be given in Lyceum Hall.

ACCIDENT.—Marshall Richardson cut his hand severely Thursday morning, while sawing lignum vitae, at Richardson's Mills. The saw entered the base of the thumb and passed through to the palm. He will lose the use of the thumb.

The Fair at the Orthodox vestry, announced for last Friday evening, was held in spite of the storm. On account of the small attendance, however, it was continued on Monday. The net proceeds of the Fair was about \$350.

The Wakefield G. A. R. hold a camp fire next Wednesday evening, and Burbank Post has been invited.

## New Publications.

We have received from J. R. Osgood & Co., "His Level Best," and other stories by E. E. Hale. One of the most interesting of the day, and we need many of the same kind of common sense reasoning. We find around us many persons striving honestly and with all their might to do their level best, who make a perfect failure of their whole lives. This book will be found a healthful tonic, for sentimentalists, who are forever crying over the imaginary evils of the day and our society. Why do they not go to work in God's name, on their own responsibility, and let the Mrs. Grundy's of society drive their worn out jaded page, as they please and when they please. We have spoken only of "Level Best," and can recommend it as a work from which all honest-minded, true thinkers can receive a new impulse in the right direction. We are quite reluctant to lay aside this fresh, sparkling fountain of original thought, and shall take occasion to refer to it again. Readers please turn to page 28, and read it carefully, and we are quite sure you will no longer "hold to the level best," but the commonplaces and society demands of you, lest you come down on the quagmire flat of the dismal swamp for worthless indecision."

THE PEN AND PLOUGH is an old friend under a new face. An exceedingly interesting monthly under this new title is before us, desiring an "exchange." Yes, Pen and Plough, if your merits under the old name are equal to those under the old name, express to your efforts, say, Office 34 Union Square, N. Y.

SCIENCE OF HEALTH for March, received. S. R. Fowler. One of the best of our monthlies, always well filled with good practical advice for the use of its many readers. We always feel conscientiously inclined to speak of books as of men. If good, we have a pleasure in saying they are good, and deserving the patronage of the public. If bad, it relieves us to express our opinion, and we do not feel afraid to do so in plain terms. Our advice to our many readers is to subscribe for one year to the "Science of Health," and if they follow only a small part of the Hygienic advice given, they will at the end of the year, find their physician's bill 20 per cent less, and their health much improved.

AN OPEN QUESTION, D. Appleton & Co., publishers. This is one of the most interesting, and at the same time remarkable works of the times. When you commence the reading of it, you will not willingly lay it aside until you have read every sentence. To some, the incidents and plots of the story may seem unreal and beyond the pale of probability. The whole is a life transcript however closely we may scan the devious ways of the personages, who for a time take part in their drama of an hour. "There are stranger things on earth than we dream of in our philosophy, Horatio," is a fitting heading to this tale. Most interesting matter relating to the Catacombs of Rome, and to the period when those antique people lived, whose very lives were a changing drama. This work has a fascination about it rarely to be met with, and we think will lead to the credit of Prof. De Mille, the fact of having given to the reading world food for amusement and thought. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

HARPER.—Harper's Magazine for March has an unlimited variety of instructive and entertaining matter, profusely illustrated with sixty-nine engravings. A spirited sketch of life on board a Man-of-War opens the number. Then we stroll along the Elbow with J. H. Browne. An interview with "Aunt Evie," a centenarian of Baltimore, interests us. We have a history of the alphabet. Earth and air, especially the phenomenon of storms and lightning, is given. The articles are of more than usual excellence, and the sketches "My Trump," and "Peggy's Pandowdy," are very fine. There is the usual instalment of continued stories. The editorial departments are unusually full and important. Horton has Harper's for sale.

PETERS.—Peters Musical Monthly for March has arrived, freighted with some of the best music we have ever seen in that publication. In no way can good music be so easily obtained as by subscribing for Peters. Send 30 cents for a single number, or \$3.00 for a year's subscription to J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New York City.

TWO NEW OIL CHROMOS, called "Too Familiar" and "The Little Surgeon," have been issued by the publishers of that standard and popular illustrated family magazine, American Home. The first is after a painting by Rhinehart. Both Chromos are 12x14-1/2, mounted, sized and varnished ready for framing. "Too Familiar" represents a little girl and boy in a pasture with a number of sheep, and the other represents a field scene, bright with flowers and foliage, where a little boy sits on a stump, and his little sister acts as surgeon in drawing a splinter from his foot, an older sister sitting by and superintending the operation. Both are perfect gems of art, highly colored and elegantly finished, and each would readily retail for \$6. The magazine, containing 600 pages of illustrated reading for old and young, and these two beautiful Oil Chromos are offered for only \$2. Agents and the people for it is the best offer in the field. The February number of the magazine is full of interesting stories, poems, fun, &c., has an original song set to music, and other entertaining features, and is adapted to all the varied tastes of the home circle. Send \$2 to Chas. H. Taylor & Co., 61 Cornhill, Boston, or 92 Market street, Chicago.

PERSONAL.—Rev. J. A. Lansing, pastor of the M. E. Society in Gloucester, we regret to learn, is suffering from a bronchial affection, and has been medically advised to give up singing devotions, lest he should be compelled to abandon preaching. Mr. Lansing's labors with the above society are expected to close with the meeting of the next Conference. —Lynn Reporter.

An exchange says that eighty sacks of oak leaves were shipped from Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, one day recently for Woburn, where they were used in tanning.

## Winchester.

SCHOOLS.—The next term of the schools will commence on Monday, March 10th.

BALL.—The Waldmeyer Hose Company gave a ball in Lyceum Hall on Friday evening of last week. The severe storm which came up so suddenly delayed the train containing the musicians so that they did not arrive till about 10-1/2 o'clock. Some of the party were kept away altogether, and others did not arrive till a late hour; yet notwithstanding these drawbacks, the company had a good time, and those from other places left in the first morning train. The hall was very beautifully decorated for the occasion, and supper was provided in the old railroad depot.

TICKET OFFICE.—An office for the sale of railroad tickets has been opened at the Mystic Station in this town.

S. S. CONCERT.—Rev. Mr. Barnes of Woburn will speak at the S. S. concert, in the Unitarian Church to-morrow evening at 6-1/2 o'clock.

HIGHWAYS.—Since the last two snow storms, our highways have been in a wretched condition, and almost impassable for man or beast. It seems to many that the town should provide a suitable apparatus and use it to make a good pathway through all the thoroughfares of the town. With the material now controlled by the Surveyor of Highways, we see no reason why our highways, after such severe storms, should not be put in passable condition.

WATER SUPPLY.—The legislative committee on Water Supply and Drainage gave a hearing on Wednesday, the 26th inst., to the petitioners for additional power to enable the town to obtain a supply of pure water. The case was opened by D. N. Skillings, of the water committee. He stated that the town had authorized the committee to thoroughly investigate the matter of water supply, and the committee had arrived at the conclusion that the town already granted to the town was not the best water for the town, but water from Wedge and Winter Ponds, but on account of purity, economy and quantity, the committee had decided that the better course to pursue was to take water from Turkey Swamp, situated easterly of the town and 125 feet above the street at the R. R. crossing in Winchester. Turkey Swamp is a piece of waste land, now owned by the town, and from its high position, able to supply by gravity, three-fourths of the population of the town, thus avoiding the great expense attendant upon pumping. The objection to Wedge and Winter Ponds is that the water comes from Woburn, and receiving the drainage of its many tanneries is rendered impure. Two or three streams flow through this swamp which is situated on the high hills between Winchester and Stoneham. It was urged that Winchester being a small town having only about 3000 inhabitants must seek the method costing the least sum.

Mr. Walter H. Sears, Civil Engineer exhibited a plan of Winchester, showing Wedge and Winter Ponds and Turkey Swamp. He reiterated Mr. Skillings' statements as to the isolation of the region, and its present uselessness. From the south, a stream runs into the Mystic river, some ways, however, below the water gate of the Mystic water works, thus showing that its use would not affect the supply of that Company. The height above the town was stated at from 110 to 120 feet. He thought three-fourths of the inhabitants could be supplied without pumping. The principal advantage of this locality was the purity of the water. There were no farms, no manufactories to send their refuse matter. The water upon analysis showed 3-5-10 grains solid matter, 2-4-10 grains vegetable matter and 8-10 grains mineral matter. There were 400 acres of land, and the supply was about 1,000,000 gallons daily. A storage reservoir could be easily built at one end (the southern) where a year's supply could be held, the formation of a dam, ground being such as to form an embankment nearly across this side. A dam about 250 feet in length would be all that was required. It was stated that there were two plans proposed to carry the water from here into the town. One by tunneling under the hills, and the other by pumping from this storage reservoir into another distributing reservoir upon a neighboring hill, which would be 250 feet above the town and would supply all. Winter Pond was only 400 acres in area and was too small, and besides there was no way to collect and hold a supply. The soil was such that this was impossible. Wedge Pond water was too impure, and then it would have to be pumped a long way to Turkey Pond mountain, and thus make the expense very heavy. The storage reservoir in Turkey Swamp would be about 1-1/4 miles from town, while the average distance of the swamp itself is 1-1/8 miles. The reservoir would comprise 23 acres, and could be flowed 15 feet deep. As to the comparative cost, the engineer stated that to get water from Wedge and Winter Ponds, it would cost \$125,000; from Turkey Swamp by the pumping process, including that, \$100,000; from the same source, by gravity, \$45,000. Besides all other reasons this location does not interfere with private property.

H. K. Stanton, Esq., Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, and A. A. Herriek of the Water Committee appeared and approved all that had been said. Edward Lawrence, Esq., Chairman of the Mystic Water Board, testified that the use of the water as proposed would not affect the supply needed by the company which he represented, and he thought the plan proposed a very economical one, judging from the statements of the engineer.

Mr. Skillings again addressed the committee and said in answer to a question from the Chairman, that the Committee of Winchester had under consideration the subject of taking water from Woburn. The town has a right under the Act of '71. He wanted power to take water from Turkey Swamp, and go back to the town with both plans and let them decide. There were two objections to taking water from Woburn. First, the impurity of the Woburn water, and second, Woburn is restricted by Charterstown in regard to drainage. They are not allowed to drain into the Abajona river or any of the tributaries of the Mystic. Winchester was not to join with Woburn in this, for she claims that it is the natural drainage of the town. The pith of the whole subject is this, a sewer must be constructed from Woburn to the sea. Winchester is exempted from any of the conditions and restrictions of the Woburn bill. If she takes water from Woburn she must accept those conditions and she will not do that. Mr.

M. M. Tidd, Chairman of the Woburn Water Board stated that he knew of no reason why Winchester should not have the petition granted. It did not in any way interfere with the plans of Woburn. There were no remonstrants to be heard and the hearing was ended.

West Medford.—The General Court signed by many of the citizens is being circulated, in which they remonstrate against the petition of B. F. Woods of Arlington, for permission to construct a bridge and tidal gates across the Mystic river between the towns of Medford and Arlington. We have yet to learn of the justice of this remonstrance, while the town of Medford is building a bridge at the foot of Alston street, which is so low that high tides will cause the water to overflow it, and at any time will prevent row boats from passing underneath. But the town seems to be an unit in the matter of opposing it.

BREAKING AND ENTERING.—The residence of Rev. Edwin L. Jaggar, the acting pastor of the new Congregational Church at West Medford, was forcibly entered in his absence during the early part of Wednesday evening, by a party of the citizens, which took possession of the several apartments, and was thus found by him upon his return. Among the visitors were many of the best citizens of the place, and their informal visit was for a time unknown to the reverend gentleman; but when a well filled purse was handed him by Mr. A. J. Phillips, who accompanied his presentation with appropriate remarks, the object of the visit became known. Mr. Jaggar, who, by the way, is exceedingly popular with the town's people, as well as the members of his own congregation, responded in an appropriate manner, expressing his thanks to the gentlemen who conceived and carried out the project, and to the citizens who had joined in presenting the token. The remainder of the evening was passed in the most agreeable manner, and the visitors departed with a feeling that they had been well repaid for their efforts towards presenting Mr. Jaggar with a substantial token of their regard.

The society with which Mr. Jaggar is in charge, is in a prosperous condition, and contemplates the erection of a new house of worship during the coming season.

As the Town's enterprises since the last annual meeting have assumed magnitude in cost, involving a debt as large as is safe to carry without impairing its credit and overburden the tax payers, it renders the approaching yearly meeting one of the most important since the settlement of the town.

The real question to consider is this—Shall the town set upon a safe and solid policy of thrift, by embarking in no improvements except such as are within its ability and comfortable taxation of property holders? The real growth of a town cannot be forced, except by the slow process of substantial causes, any more than a man can, by making undue haste, build up a name and fortune as a merchant or manufacturer. The advocates of expansion may ask, Has there been haste to grasp at once the enterprises the town have inaugurated? We will not answer, but refer it to the wise judgment of the tax payers, at the approaching town meeting. In connection with this question, we are informed by trustworthy authorities, that the debt of the town or its liabilities, exceed \$300,000, and that the current expenses of the town, with the interest on the debt, will reach \$100,000. This condition we consider the actual one, nakedly before the observation of all the property holders. It shows a large debt, but every dollar must be paid, principal and interest, promptly at maturity, and for this liability, every sixteenth dollar in our possession is mortgaged.

## Arlington.

(Correspondence.)

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Now we will ask a plain question, one every voter in town, with common abilities of understanding can comprehend, and it is this—If you were a stockholder in a bank with \$400,000 capital, would you select for servants, good, reliable men, known in the community as such, of sound judgment and responsibility, or allow a wild, frolicsome caucus, manipulated in the interest of office seekers, to get the gains it is susceptible of by modern ways, to make it for you? Between a trust accepted and its performance, Washington and New York to-day are evidences of the degeneracy of public servants and private thieves. So uncertain is human nature that a wise man allows nothing to astonish him; for he knows not what it may bring forth; nor is he inclined to relax his judgment, and put in ill promising terms, when good ones cost no more. We regard this criticism as truthful and proper, and with a general application, as much to other towns as our own. If the town keep sharp eyes on its public servants, its trusts are not so easily abused, and we believe it is a universal rule that all honest public servants give a warm welcome to the sharpest vision of their masters. Whoever refuses to show his hand, with every figure, cents and dollars, just as he was empowered by the town to make them, to the town to know all and see all, (the officer has no eyes that belong to him, for they are in the use of the town, exclusively) is no safe man to deal with.

The case our town is involved in, admits of a simple remedy, namely, the reduction of said, and the increase of ballast—to haul in a little, and place in command a crew that have the full confidence of the owners. The remedy lies within the capabilities of the voters. Good skippers are sought out, poor ones are on hand when vacancies exist, particularly so when primage is liberal.

T. T. FIREMAN'S DANCE.—The Ball announced by the Wm. Penn Hose Co., No. 3, took place on Friday evening, Feb. 21st, in spite of the severe storm. Preparations had been made to render this the one of the season, and although the gathering was small, yet those who did brave the inclemency of the weather had a good time and plenty of room. About 35 couples footed it right merrily until near the dawn. An excellent supper was furnished by W. H. Pattee, and all went merrily as a marriage bell. During the evening, Mr. Grenville P. Peirce, in

behalf of the company, presented the Captain with a silver fire trumpet, of elegant design and workmanship. It was appropriately engraved with emblems of the order, and was truly a rich and valuable present. Captain Bacon was somewhat surprised, if not more, but responded with thanks.

The trumpet bears the following inscription:—  
Presented to  
CAPT. M. BACON  
by the members of  
the Wm. Penn Hose Co., No. 3,  
Feb. 21, 1873.

By the way, the W. P.'s are to have another dance. See particulars next week.

ON A "BUST."—The Catholic Society, wishing to introduce gas into its church on the corner of Medford and Warren streets, procured permission of the Gas Co. to lay a pipe from the church to the main on Mystic street and agreeing to do all the work. Permission having been gained, a party of forty or fifty commenced trenching on the 26th. The work advanced until Mystic street was reached, when in crossing it the trenchers came upon the lately laid water pipe. Not knowing what it was at first, an iron bar was struck against it. The bar penetrated the pipe and the workmen were surprised by an impromptu fountain. Owing to a want of knowledge in regard to the location of the water gates, the water was not shut off until Thursday morning. It is to be promptly repaired. The pipe must have been struck rather forcibly we think, to have yielded in that way. If not, the pipe is not very strong.

GOOD ENOUGH.—Last week we referred to the prevailing epidemic of "Caucus fever," and now it happeneth that a nurse in a certain pest house, not a thousand miles away, having read our paper as all good citizens do, espied this article, and thus addressed the visiting physician: "Doctor, I see there is a new disease in town and that the patients are to be brought to the Pest House." "Ah," says the Dr., "what is that?" "The 'Caucus fever,'" replied the nurse, displaying a copy of the paper as proof. "Crackus fever, ha, ha; yes I see. Well, those patients will be all convalescent by the 4th of March," said the M. D., and he left the nurse to his own reflections.

UNIVERSAL FAIR.—The Town Hall was crowded on Wednesday evening with the friends of the society. It proved to be one of the most successful enterprises of the kind. The tables were loaded with elegant articles of usefulness and ornamentation. Among the many beautiful things displayed for disposal, we may mention Rodger's group, "Coming to the Parson," drawn by Henry Swan; French mantle clock, drawn by Miss Gracie Swann; a set of Chambers' Encyclopedia, drawn by Edward Russell. All seemed determined to have a good time and we think they succeeded. After the fair proper was over, the dancers had a season of enjoyment. Seventy-five couples engaged in this pastime, and the verdict is that the Universal Fair was "quite the thing."

Parker Bros. have opened a provision store on High street one door from the store of Matthew Rowe, and they offer great inducements in that line for the people of the town. They are young men of energy and will make good all their promises. It is meet that you should give them a call.

SMALL POX.—This disease has now narrowed itself down to one case. Bagby the colored man whose illness we reported last week died on Sunday, and was buried on Tuesday morning. It was reported to the Selectmen that a Mrs. Collins on Franklin street was a victim. A red flag was at once displayed.

No man can serve two masters; neither he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other." Matthew vi, 24. Any person in the situation indicated by the above quotation, ought to quickly decide what he will do, so that he may be able to say, "I am engaged."

LECTURE.—The lecture by Rev. J. M. Finetti on Shrove Tuesday evening, Feb. 26th, upon the subject, "A Foreigner's Rights on American Soil," was largely attended and was listened to with much interest. It was an able lecture.

## Lexington.

G. A. R.—For a long time the question has been asked by our returned soldiers, "Why is there no Post of the Grand Army in Lexington?" It has been the subject of much conversation, but for various reasons the town has been allowed to remain in statu quo. While talking up the Grand Fair, it was proposed to form a Post, and give the fair under its auspices. This meeting with much favor, and on Saturday evening last, the 22nd inst, a meeting was held in the Town House and was fully attended. Mr. Geo. E. Muzzey was chosen president, and Mr. Geo. D. Harrington, secretary. The question was discussed and it was decided to apply to the proper authorities for a charter. The meeting voted to hold a Grand Fair to continue two or three days, and to close April 19th, 1873. The committee visited the A. A. G. on Monday, and he assured them that they started under better circumstances than many Posts, and that the necessary papers would be forthcoming, and that ere long the proper officers would visit them and organize the Post.

On Tuesday evening a meeting was held in Seminary Hall, to hear the report of the above committee. An organization was partially effected. We hail this step with pleasure. Their proposed fair can be made the greatest event of this as well as all seasons. We sincerely hope the citizens will come forward and assist in the undertaking. It is a double cause to work for now. You have the Memorial Hall to fill and the Boys in Blue to encourage. Who so fit to carry on the former as those latter-day heroes, who were forth to protect each and every one of us. Let us not hesitate to do them honor in their attempt, to add something to that sacred room where are inscribed the names of their comrades who fell in the field. Every man, woman and child has a share in this honor. You cannot shake it off if you would. Do not avoid your duty but help in every way you can this noble enterprise.

LECTURE.—The last lecture of the

course was given in the Town Hall, last week Tuesday evening, by Mr. Charles H. Brainard of Medford, who entertained his hearers with a sketch of Whittier, the Quaker poet. "An evening with Whittier" consists of a short, well-told sketch of the poet's life and character, his position on the question of a slavery, his attitude during the war, and the whole interspersed with readings from his poems. Mr. Brainard is a reader of fair power and was pleasing throughout.

We are only sorry for one thing and that is, that financially the course should not equal that of last year. We hope expenses have been paid. We shall look with interest for the financial report.

DANCES.—There were two dances in town Wednesday evening, both of which were well attended and pleasant.

A party of Brookline people and their friends in town met in Seminary Hall, and spent a few hours very happily.

The party at the Y. M. S. C.'s was the best of the season. It was very largely attended, and the best of order prevailed. About one hundred couple were upon the floor, and naught but pleasure reigned. The music was excellent (dell "Allen" ever play badly), and the order of dances well arranged. It was a very nice party. The festivities lasted until about 2 A. M. A large delegation from Woburn was present, and visitors from other adjoining towns. The "boys" did well.

TOWN MEETING.—Monday is March 3rd and Town Meeting day. Let every man be on hand. If you want good town officers, if you would have greater economy practiced, if you would have any change whatever, be there and do your part of the work, and then bear your part of the blame or your share of the glory (?) Whether this man or that man is chosen, it is a matter of importance, and it is supposed to last for a year, although that is not a certainty. See our experience of last year. What a "Comedy of Errors" the entire year has been. Monday, Mar. 3rd, 1 o'clock P. M.

RUNAWAY.—As a horse and sled belonging to Mr. D. E. Jewett, of Lexington, was proceeding towards Boston, Thursday morning, the horse became frightened and ran from the "Foot of the Rocks," down through the Main street of Arlington, leaving the driver in a heap near the starting point. The horse was turned into the depot yard, and endeavored to run over the Arlington freight house, but only got as far as the platform which surrounds it. No damage was done.

SPILL.—Mr. C. L. Wait is a careful driver, but when "Old Probabilities" sends such a snow storm as visited us last, what are careful drivers. The best of them are liable to be upset. Well, as the Bedford coach was going its homeward trip, last Saturday night, when near the residence of Mr. John P. Reed, it came in contact with a snow bank and was overturned. The passengers were pulled through the windows, the coach righted, and all went on.

AUDITOR'S REPORT.—Mr. L. A. Saville, auditor for 1872, will make a short but comprehensive report of the Expenditures of the Town, which will be ready for distribution by Monday morning. It will show at a glance the standing of the various grants, a thing the townspeople will be glad to see.

E. L. D. C.—It is sometime since we have written the above letters,











# The Middlesex County Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING. . . JOURNAL BUILDING, 204 MAIN STREET. . . TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

Vol XXII.

WOBURN MASS., SATURDAY MARCH 8, 1873.

No. 25.

J. T. Freeman,

130 Main St., Woburn, Mass.,

SOLE AGENT FOR WOBURN, STONEHAM, WINCHESTER, and vicinity,

FOR THE

SINGER IMPROVED

SEWING MACHINE.

The Singer Mfg Co. sold 181,260

Machines during 1871.

The Singer Sewing Machine

TOOK THE

First Premium

At the New England Fair held at Lowell,

Mass., September, 1872.

Any other Sewing Machine furnished at the

Lowest Market prices, if requested.

Machines Sold on INSTALLMENTS!

SEWING MACHINE FINDINGS.

Also, Agent in Woburn, for the Sale of

E. BUTTERICK & Co's

PATTERNS OF GARMENTS,

And their celebrated Shears and Scissors.

READ THIS!

MR. FREEMAN is now recognized agent for

Woburn, Stoneham, and adjoining towns. Persons

desiring to purchase the Singer Sewing Machine, or

any of the findings, or patterns, or shears, or scissors,

or any of the other articles, or any of the other

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## Poetry.

### FAITH.

In the gloaming, when my darlings  
To their slumbers of white  
By their mother's knees have murmured,  
"Jesus keep us through the night,"  
To their little crib, white-curtained  
Where the upper shadows fall,  
Needing in my arms, I take them  
Through the long, unlighted hall.

Swift, in rayless silence round us,  
Close the deepening shades of night;  
"Hush!" in my arms, I take them  
Through the long, unlighted hall.

"Hush!" the baby brother echoes,  
With a hush upon his gleam;  
When my Bertha nestles nearer,  
Whispers softly, "Papa, see!"

Blessed, blessed faith of childhood,  
Father, grant this faith to me;  
Dark the shadows round me gather,  
But I know that Thou dost see.

### Selected.

#### THE BOTTLE IMP.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY L. WYMAN.

CHAPTER I.

The Merchant Richards.—The Spaniard.—Introduction of the Bottle Imp.—The Negotiation.—The Sale.

It was a lovely evening, when a young

German merchant named Richards, en-

tered Venice, the widely celebrated seat

of learning and commerce. In conse-

quence of its being at the period of the

thirty years' war, all Germany was at

this time a scene of dissension; no won-

der therefore, if the young merchant who

was a gallant more inclined to good living

banqueting, and luxurious indulgence,

than feats of chivalry, was not very much

displeased at his affairs calling him for

some time towards Italy, where things

were a less hostile appearance, and where

too, he had heard that there was no lack

either of the richest wines or the most de-

licious fruits.

In this lovely city, Richards entered

upon a course of dissipation, and contin-

ued to indulge in revels and in the

society of mirthful faces. In all the com-

pany of mirthful gallants with whom he

constantly associated, there was but one

countenance overcast with gloom. It was

that of a Spanish Captain, who though he

never failed to be present at these scenes

of riot, rarely bestowed a word upon the

company, while his scowling features

were rendered still more gloomy by the

visible uneasiness that sat upon them.

Still his presence was endured, as he was

a man of rank and wealth, and one, too,

who regarded lightly the expense of

treating his friends, evening after even-

ing.

Richards, in the mean time, found his

funny rapidly decreasing, and reflected

with no small sorrow that this gay and

joyous kind of life must quickly terminate.

His associates were not slow in observing

his melancholy, or in divining the cause

of it—this being by no means the first in-

stance of the kind that had occurred in

his society. Neither did they spare their

taunts upon the occasion, so that our

gallant was fain to venture among them

the last precious relic of his purse.

At this prosperous period of his history

the Spaniard called him aside one evening,

and with unexpected courtesy requested

that he would accompany him abroad, and

conducted him to a lone and retired spot.

The poor youth was at first alarmed but

at length, somewhat quieted his appre-

hensions by reflecting that his com-

panion well knew that he had little about

him worth aught, save his skin, and in

which he was determined a hole should

not be picked without returning the com-

pliment. The Spaniard, however, having

first seated himself on the ruins of an old

building, and compelled his companion to

do the same, addressed him as follows:

"I cannot help imagining, my dear

young friend, that you stand greatly in

"Excuse me if I do not chaff thee

with a cold steel for this insolence; that I

do not do it because I still hope that

you will help me rid me of my Bottle

Devil. Besides it is my intention to per-

form penance, which would only be ren-

dered still heavier thereby."

"Might we not be favored with some

specimens of the thing's abilities?" in-

quired the wary merchant.

"How may that be?" answered the

other. "It will neither remain with any

one, nor aid any one save him who has

fairly purchased it and paid for it."

The youth could not help feeling some

alarm, for the place where they were sit-

ting seemed a particularly lone, gloomy

spot. Although the Spaniard assured him

that he would not employ compulsion to

induce him to try it, yet in spite of his

fears, his imagination dwelt upon the en-

joyments that would be in his power

should he become possessor of the Little

Black Spirit. He determined, therefore,

to try whether he could obtain the bargain

at a cheaper rate.

"What a splendid fellow thou art," ex-

claimed the Spaniard with a laugh. "It

is for thy sake, and for the sake of those

who shall come after thee, that I demand

the highest sum I can get, that they may

delay as long as possible the time when it

shall be purchased for the smallest coin

and possible, the purchaser thereby be-

comes inevitably forfeit to the Devil, even

because he cannot sell it again at a lower

price."

Well," said Richards, with a tone of

delight, "let me have it. I warrant me

I shall be not very eager to get quit of my

purchase in a hurry. If therefore I could

have it for five ducats—"

"It is all the same to me," interrupted

the Spaniard, "but remember you are

hastening on the moment when the evil

spirit shall claim the last unhappy posses-

sor's life."

With these words he delivered up to

his companion, in return for his gold, a

small glass phial, wherein Richards could

just discern, by the light of the stars,

something dark that was leaping up and

down.

CHAPTER II.

Richards in possession.—The first act of the Bottle

Imp.—The Spaniard.—The Spaniard.—The

Spaniard.—The Spaniard.—The Spaniard.—

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he felt only the phial, in which the little

black figure lay panting and apparently

exhausted. How awfully long did the

remainder of this horrible night seem to

the sick and phrenzied wretch.

He dared not again resign himself to

sleep, lest the terrible visions should re-

appear again, hardly too, did he venture

to open his eyes even in the dark, lest he

should perceive the monstrous fiend

squatted in some corner of the apart-

ment. Yet he did shut his eyes for a

moment,—he thought it was again upon

him, and started up with horror. He

rang aloud for his attendants, but no one

came—all was as silent, as still as the

grave.

Thus did he lie in a state of torturing

horror, throughout the whole of the long

dreary night, the terror of which was in-

creased when he reflected if this single

night appeared almost an eternity of

hell, on which no day would ever dawn;

that night to those dreadful visions

there would be no end? He determined

at all events, to get rid of the fatal phial

the very next morning.

CHAPTER III.

New test of the Bottle Imp.—The obedient slave of

the ring.—The Golden Pillow.—The old doctor.—

The doctor's dilemma.

"When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would

be."

When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he."

Test with the merchant Richards; when the morning

came he felt his spirits so much revived, that he began to ask

himself whether he had yet turned the

bottle imp sufficiently to account.

Palace and Villas and all the luxuries

whereof they were furnished, seemed

hardly enough. He therefore instantly

demanded a great heap of ducats to be







































## SPRING GOODS

We are opening and have on hand for the present season a larger assortment of new and desirable goods than ever before. In every department our stock is complete or will be made so by additions from day to day. We would call especial attention to our line of

## Black Silks,

which we can offer at prices which cannot fail to please, also to our other

## Dress &amp; Housekeeping Goods

all of which will be marked at the

## LOWEST PRICES.

Chas. A. Smith,

117 MAIN STREET,

WOBURN.



Miss E. Bancroft,

175 Main Street,

Would invite the attention of the Ladies of Woburn and vicinity to her stock of

Millinery and Ladies'

## Furnishing Goods,

especially to

Kid Gloves,

Corsets,

Hamburgs,

Neck Ties,

Veils,

MISS E. BANCROFT,

175 Main Street,

WOBURN.

S. F. Thompson,  
CIVIL ENGINEER.  
Conveyancer, Auctioneer,  
Real Estate and Insurance Agent,  
PROBATE ADVISER &c.,

Woburn Office, corner of Main and Walnut streets.  
Principal Office, 19 Tremont Row, Boston.  
Will be at Woburn office on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, until 8 P. M., and by agreement at other times. Orders promptly executed upon reasonable terms.  
N. B.—Much of valuable evidence concerning property lines, was saved from the late fire.

## Land for Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale the lot of land on the corner of Main and Everett streets, containing 12.54 feet and about in a front on Main street. The whole will be sold in one lot at \$125. May it will be cut up into lots to suit various purchasers. Terms given on application.  
JOSEPH KELLEY.

## WANTED.

A first class shoe maker to work on hand-made shoes, at 228 Main street, Woburn, Mass.

## Guardian's Sale of Real Estate.

By virtue of a license from the Judge of the Probate Court in and for the County of Middlesex, I shall sell at public auction, on the premises, on Monday the thirty-first day of March, instant, at half past two of the clock in the afternoon, all the right, title and interest which Bridget Doherty, Mary Doherty, Catherine Doherty and Edward Doherty, minors, have in and to a lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in said County, and bounded westerly by Water street, 40 feet, northerly by land of James Nelson, 100 feet; easterly by land of Henry Thompson, deceased, 40 feet; and southerly by land last named 100 feet. Terms at Sale.  
WILLIAM HARRIS, Guardian of said Minors.  
WM. WINS, Auctioneer.  
Woburn, March 21st, 1873.

## SPRING

is coming and so is

## SPRING TRADE

Purchasers of

## CLOTHING,

will do well to

## EXAMINE THE NEW STOCK

at

## G. R. Gage &amp; Co.'s

and make selections for their

## SPRING CARMENTS.

CALL AT

171 Main Street,

WOBURN.

## Table and Pocket Cutlery

NAILS, TACKS, SHIRAZ, AND HAMMERS, and all kinds of Hardware, at 126 Main Street, John's Block, up stairs.

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

## NEW FIRM!

## NEW STORE!

## New Goods!

## EVERYTHING NEW.

The subscribers would inform the residents of Woburn, and neighboring towns that they have leased the new store No.

240 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

and have stocked it with a full and complete line of

STOVES, FURNACES, RANGES, GRATES, TIN, JAPANNED, AND WOODEN WARE.

Bought for cash, and which we offer to our patrons on the same terms.

We have the exclusive agency for the sale of the following popular stoves, and ranges, viz:

Woburn Cook,

Walker's Improved Portable Range,

THE EL DO RADO COOK STOVE,

THE GEN. GRANT PARLOR STOVE,

STEWART'S IMPROVED PARLOR STOVE.

Readers other popular stoves and hollow ware of all kinds.

Also a full line of Tin, Japanned, and Toilet ware to endless variety, together with a complete stock of Wooden ware comprising

TUBS,

MOPS,

MOSEARS,

FIRKINS,

BRUSHES,

WASH-BOARDS,

BROOMS,

TRAYS,

MATS,

PAILS,

BASKETS,

BOXES, &c., &c.

All of which we offer for cash at the lowest prices and trust to merit by our endeavors to give satisfaction, the liberal patronage of the public, which we solicit.

HILL & BABBIDGE.

## REAL AND PERSONAL ESTATE

## AT AUCTION

## In Burlington,

On Monday, March 24th,

At 12 o'clock P. M. will be sold at Public Auction, at the residence of the late JOHN CALDWELL, in the southerly part of Burlington, a good variety of Personal Property, viz: One Good Farm Horse in years old, One Colt 20 months old, One Buggy, 1 light Wagon, nearly new, 1 Express Wagon, 1 Sleigh, 1 Wheelbarrow, 1 light Hayrack, 2 new English Hay, 2 Tons Manure, do, lot of Manure, 4 barrels Apples, lot of Cider Cakes, and a variety of Farming implements. Also a great variety of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, viz: Barware, Tables, Chairs, Mirrors, Sofas, Wooden and Straw Carpets, Feather Beds, Bedding and Bedsteads, Kitchens and Parlor Stoves, Crockery and Glass Ware, and a variety of Kitchen Furniture.

Also, at 2 o'clock P. M. will be sold at auction, the Household, consisting of a Wagon and a half Horse and Buggy in good repair, and 9 acres of choice Land, well stocked with Fruit Trees, consisting of Apples, Peaches, Cherries and Quinces in a bearing condition. This sale offers a good opportunity to a person desirous of purchasing a small farm. The land is in a good state of cultivation, and is situated on the road leading from Woburn to Bedford.

Terms of sale—The Personal Property cash; on the real estate made known at the time of sale.

For order of the Hrs. WM. WINS, Auctioneer.

## STOVES &amp; HARDWARE

## FOR SALE CHEAP

## FOR SIXTY DAYS.

The subscriber offers at No. 5 Winn St, Woburn the stock of

## STOVES, HARDWARE &amp;c.

being the stock lately in the store of

## WARREN

## &amp; STROUT.

at reasonable prices for the next

60 DAYS,

as he is desirous of closing out the stock. A full assortment of

## BUILDERS HARDWARE.

## STOVES of every kind,

## KITCHEN FURNITURE, &amp;c.

Good bargains will be offered.

## A. S. Warren.

## ICE CHESTS FOR SALE.

The subscriber has two ICE CHESTS, which he offers for sale on reasonable terms.

E. O. SOLES,  
Cor Railroad and Main Sts, Woburn.

## For Hardware or Tools.

CALL AT 126 ALLENS BLOCK UP STAIRS.

## L. THOMPSON JR.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

## MIDDLESEX, ss.

## PROBATE COURT.

To the Next of Kin, and all Persons interested in the Estate of JEROME PERCIE, of Arlington, in said County, an insane person.

GREETING:

WHEREAS, J. Winslow Percie, the Guardian of said ward, has presented his petition for license to sell certain real estate therein specified, of his said ward, at private sale for investment;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Cambridge, in said County, on the second Tuesday of April, next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted. And said petition is ordered to serve this Citation by publishing the same once a week, in the *Middlesex County Journal*, a newspaper printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this tenth day of March in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

## MIDDLESEX, ss.

## PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs-at-Law, and others interested in the estate of LYDIA PARKER, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

GREETING:

WHEREAS, William Winsor, the Administrator of said estate of said deceased, has presented to said Court his petition for license to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Cambridge, in said County, on the second Tuesday of April, next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same, and said petition is ordered to serve this Citation by publishing the same once a week, three weeks successively, in the *Middlesex County Journal*, a newspaper printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of March in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

## SEEDS, PLANTS, TREES,—PREPARED BY MAIL.

My new priced descriptive Catalogue of choice flower and Garden seeds, 25 sorts of either for \$1; new and choice varieties of fruit and ornamental trees, shrubs, evergreens, roses, grapes, lilies, small fruits, house and border plants and bulbs; one year graded fruit trees for mailing; fruit of all kinds; hedge plants, etc. The most complete assortment in the country, will be sent gratis to any plain address, with P. O. box. True Cape Cod cranberry, for upland or lowland, \$6 per 100; \$1 per 100; prepaid by mail. Trade list to dealers. Seeds on commission. Agents wanted.

B. M. WATSON, Old Colony Nurseries and Seed Warehouse, PLYMOUTH, MASS. ESTABLISHED IN 1842.

## FOR FAMILY USE.

## THE

## HALFORD

## LEICESTERSHIRE

## Table Sauce,

THE BEST SAUCE & RELISH

Made in any part of the World.

FOR

## FAMILY USE.

Pints, - - - 50 Cents.

Half Pints, - - - 30 Cents.

For Sale by all Grocers.

For some of the BEST KINDS OF COOKING and PARLOR STOVES, or repair pieces, stove pipe and Hollow Ware, at LOW PRICES, at

No. 219 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

L. THOMPSON, Jr.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

## COLLECTOR'S SALE

## OF

## REAL ESTATE,

FOR NON-PAYMENT OF TAXES.

Will be sold at public auction on Monday, the 24th day of March, 1873, at 11 o'clock A. M., at the office of the Collector, 171 Main Street, Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, State of Massachusetts, the following described parcels of Real Estate, owned or supposed to be owned by the persons hereinafter named, and assessed for the following named years, or so much thereof as may be necessary to discharge said assessments, together with all incidental costs and charges, unless the same shall have been previously discharged.

Samuel T. Hooper, lot A. No. 7, house and land on the westerly side of Washington street, adjoining the estate of Michael Mallonee, 1871, \$6.25.

State, County and Town Tax for 1872, \$6.25.

" " " " 1873, \$6.25.

William A. Wilson, about two acres of land with the buildings thereon, situated on Railroad Street, adjoining the estate of George P. Strong and Moses Housenbury, 1871, \$2.25.

State, County and Town Tax for 1872, \$2.25.

" " " " 1873, \$2.25.

EDWARD SIMONS, Collector of Taxes.

Woburn, February 21st, 1873.

## DREADNAUGHT

by FEARNAGHT.

Dam the very fast and well bred mare Lady Dix.

This highly bred and wonderfully fast young Stallion, will stand at

ADAMS STOCK FARM, BILLERICA.

This season, price \$100 for use, throughout the season. Mare limited. Breeders should avail themselves of this opportunity, as it does not come every day. Fearnaght stands for \$300. Dreadnaught and owned by H. S. Russell, Esq., of Milton.

ADAMS STOCK FARM, BILLERICA.

Woburn, March 1st, 1873.

## Copartnership Notice.

The undersigned has this day formed a Copartnership, so far as the firm name of HILL & BABBIDGE, for the purpose of carrying on the Slave, Tin Ware and Kitchen Furnishing business, and have leased the new store 240 Main Street, where strict attention to business, we hope to merit a liberal share of the public patronage.

AUG. H. HILL,  
AUG. L. BABBIDGE.

Woburn, March 1st, 1873.

## PAYING BUSINESS

is offered to every energetic man or woman who wants to make from \$40 to \$75 a week. We want such agents, local and traveling, in every city and town in New England. For particulars, call on or address, W. F. STETSON & CO., Boston, Mass., office, over Quincy Market.

## Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the subscriber has been appointed Administrator of the estate of Darius E. Stevens, late of Portland, in the County of Cumberland, and State of Maine, deceased, and takes upon himself that trust by giving bonds, as the law directs.

All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment.

WILLIAM H. PATTER,  
Arlington, March 20th, 1873. Administrator.

## PERUVIAN

## SYRUP.

MAKES THE WEAK STRONG

CAUTION.—All genuine has the name "Peruvian Syrup" (see "Peruvian Bark") blown in the glass. A 25-page pamphlet sent free of charge. Proprietor, 30 Day St., New York. Sold by all Druggists.

## A. B. C. D.

OR ANY OTHER

## INITIAL LETTER

on 24 sheets of white Note Paper, and 24 envelopes in a box for 20 cents.

A BOX OF

## LAVENDER TINTED

nice quality 25 cents.

## AUBURN TINTED

30 cents a box.

## CHROMO LILAC TINTED.

Box of nice quality and a Chromo picture for 20c.

## Geo. S. Dodge,

## APOTHECARY,

No. 189 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

"DETERMINED TO MEET EVERY PUBLIC REQUIREMENT."

"The invalid needs the best of everything."

In addition to the most complete Medical department we furnish TOILET ARTICLES, FANCY GOODS and STATIONERY, at very low prices.

## FRED. CAGE,

## House Painter, Grainer,

## AND GLAZIER.

ALL KINDS OF COLORS MIXED, PAINTS, PUTTY AND GLASS HAND AND FOR SALE.

Blinds furnished, Painted and Hung to order.

Shop Rear of M. E. Church, Walnut STREET, WOBURN CENTRE.

## WANTED.

A few gentlemen of respectability can find board in a good locality by applying at this office.

179

## SPRING STYLES!

We are now ready to show the Spring styles of Hats, make to measure, block, repair or make over OLD HATS to the present style at short notice.

J. W. HAMMOND,

181 Main Street.

## New and Elegant

## PIANO FORTE

## ROOMS.

The admirers of first class Musical Instruments will be pleased to learn that

Mr. Oliver Green

HAS OPENED

New and Elegant Piano Forte Rooms,

In Dodge's Block,

Cor. Main and Railroad Sts.,

Where he will keep constantly on hand, for sale or to let,

PIANOS, ORGANS, STOOLS,

COVERS, &c., &c.,

Pianos sold on installment on terms to suit. Also Pianos Tuned.

All instruments are of the FINEST QUALITY, and as to style, Tone and Finish cannot be excelled by any stock elsewhere.

All tastes can be suited, as my stock is from the best New York and Boston Manufacturers.

OLIVER GREEN,

Dodge's Block, Main Street, Woburn.

Corner of Railroad street.

## American

## SMALL-POX PREVENTIVE.

PRICE \$1.00.

Vaccination from pure animal virus, price \$1.00.

DR. G. H. HUTCHINGS

220 Main St., Woburn.

## SAMUEL H. DAVIS,

Manufacturer of, and Dealer in

Ladies', Gents', Misses & Children's

Boots, Shoes,

AND

RUBBERS.

No. 4 Richardson's Block,

WINCHESTER.







# The Middlesex County Journal.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING. . . JOURNAL BUILDING, 204 MAIN STREET. . . TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

Vol XXII.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1873.

No. 28

## J. T. Freeman,

130 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

SOLE AGENT FOR WOBURN, STONEHAM, WINCHESTER, and vicinity.

FOR THE

SINGER IMPROVED

SEWING MACHINE.

The Singer Mfg Co. sold 181,250

Machines during 1871.

The Singer Sewing Machine

TOOK THE

First Premium

At the New England Fair held at Lowell,

Mass., September, 1872.

Any other Sewing Machine furnished at the

Lowest Market Price, if requested.

Machines Sold on INSTALLMENTS!

SEWING MACHINE FINDINGS.

Also, Agent in Woburn, for the Sale of

E. BUTTERICK & Co's

PATTERNS OF GARMENTS.

And their celebrated Shears and Scissors.

READ THIS!

MR. FREEMAN'S new and improved Sewing Machine, for Woburn, Stoneham, and adjoining towns. Persons

possessing the Singer Sewing Machine, of Mr. Freeman, will

find it perfect in every respect, and will

be able to sew any kind of fabric, and will

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## Poetry.

### THE LITTLE FROCK.

Patrol and worn in places,  
Faded and worn in places,  
My tears on it leave their traces,  
As I smooth it out to fold;  
For it holds a magic power,  
The front of my heart to unlock,  
When I think of the happy hour  
I fashioned that little frock.

My darling sat beside me  
With his beautiful eyes gleaming,  
And the joy that was cast denied me  
Seemed into my heart to beam,  
As I thought of the wondrous mercy,  
Of the goodness and the love  
That promised "Our Father" to send me  
Such an angel down from above.

My little face faster and faster;  
My thoughts took wing as I flew,  
To the court of the blessed Master,  
From whose gate my baby came through;  
And I wonder if all God's angels  
Looked as pure and full as he—  
Among the shining seraphim,  
There was any more fair to see.

But there came a pale, sad stranger  
Upon my little one's day;  
My heart stood still, as if dead,  
And darkness about me lay,  
I thought him that he would leave me,  
For his touch was chill and strange,  
And he laid his hand on my baby,  
Who straightway seemed to change.

His pale little cheek grew whiter,  
His bright blue eyes grew dim,  
His clasped arms grew lighter,  
The victory was to him—  
To that pale and icy monarch,  
Who rules with relentless sway,  
Who came to my heart in triumph,  
And bore my treasure away.

And greater than He remained,  
Who bathed the hands of the tomb—  
Who had robbed King David of the sword,  
Who had taken the life of the young,  
Who had promised sweet consolation,  
In his patient love 'neath his rod,  
And I know he has taken my darling,  
To bloom in the garden of God.

### Original Story.

### THE FROZEN TEAR.

BY VIOLET SOMERBY.

What a bitter cold it was, when  
we were delayed in D—, the cars  
blocked by the snow. The station  
house was a rule but with benches to sit  
upon, but with no stove to warm the  
place, so one might as well be outside.

I determined to find warm quarters  
some where, for we might be unable to  
proceed on our journey for a day or two.  
The engine needed some repairs, and it  
was many miles from any town of con-  
siderable size where we stopped.

Taking a survey of the country from  
the station house, I discerned at some  
distance an old-fashioned farm house,  
with what appeared to be a garden, or  
sign of some sort started upon the side  
of the house. I snatched through the  
snow, using my umbrella for a walking  
stick, with my satchel on my arm, and in  
ten minutes reached the old farm house,  
serving for a door-step, and read my in-  
vitation to walk in "Hot L."

An old-fashioned fire place gave out a  
warmth that greeted me when I opened  
the door, like the hearty hand-clasp of  
an old friend. Rough men, a half dozen,  
were seated in different parts of the large  
square room, that was the room of the  
house. A table in front of a closet (mis-  
named the door) was covered with tumblers,  
broken pitchers, tin pails and dippers.

On the shelves were many different  
shapes containing the stock in trade. I  
was surprised to find liquor in this out-  
of the way house. A tall man with long  
thin hair hanging about his ears, placed  
a chair for me, and asked if I wanted  
anything to eat. Being now warmed,  
I felt like sitting down to a well served  
board.

The landlord's wife came and  
asked what I would have for my dinner.  
After naming over several of my ac-  
customed dishes and receiving "Hahn's"  
get any? for my answer, I told her to  
bring me what she had. A large square  
table was standing against the wall.  
With her apron she brushed off some  
bread crumbs, and wiped the spatters of  
liquor from its stained surface. A plate  
of fried salt pork with sardines bread was  
placed on the table; this, with a bowl of  
ice cream, my request. I was hungry and  
ate what I could, wishing when I had  
finished, for some more, though not of  
the same kind.

I had been the object of interest to  
a gaping crowd for half an hour, and as I  
arose from the table and returned to my  
satchel effort to keep his feet following  
after his head, held out at arm's length, a  
"d-d" clay pipe. I declined the favor,  
and asked if he had a newspaper. "Noth-  
ing but this one," was his answer, hand-  
ing me a fragment of a month old Boston  
Herald. I took from my satchel a book of  
"Extracts from the writings of emi-  
nent men," and asked if I should not  
read to while away the afternoon.

"Yes," said my man of the country. I  
read to a little while, and thought my  
audience a silent, appreciative one, when  
glancing off my book, I discovered them  
all asleep in various positions.

I read till I was tired, then walked the  
door till the sun began to disappear be-  
hind the hills. The men one by one  
awoke—had their tin pipes filled with  
liquor—shuffled out the door, stood at the  
crossing, shivering, then separated, each  
going toward his poor home.

That night I slept before the roaring  
fire in the same room where I ate my  
supper, for had I attempted staying in  
the little where a bed was made for me,  
I should have perished before morning.

I awoke late, and after breakfast  
walked down to the station. The engineer  
told me we could not move for another  
hour. We expected another engine, with  
men to shovel or tunnel through the  
snow, and provided they arrived by noon  
it would take all the afternoon to clear  
the track.

I was returning to the house, a fit of  
the blues coming on fast, when just at the  
crossing, I met a man in a sleigh.

"Where are the folks that got stuck  
here yesterday?" came from the well  
wrapped up man. I informed him I was  
one of them, the others were scattered in  
the different farm houses around.

"Maybe you could do," said the man,  
eyeing me from head to foot.

It was cold standing there in the snow,  
I jumped into the sleigh with him, and  
he drove toward the house where I had  
stopped over night.

## HOME INFLUENCES.

"Who's that, I wonder?" said Mrs.

Seaburn, as she heard a ring at the base-

ment door.

"Ah, it's Marshall," returned her hus-

band, who had looked out at the window

and recognized the grocer's cart.

"And what have you sent home now,

Henry?"

But before Mr. Seaburn could answer,

the door of the sitting room was opened,

and one of the domestics looked in and

asked:

"What'll I do with the demij-hne

mar?"

"Demij-hne?" repeated Mrs. Seaburn

"Put them in the hall and I'll attend

to them," interrupted the husband.

"Henry, what have you sent home

now?" asked the wife, after the domestic

was gone.

"Some nice old brandy," replied Hen-

ry.

Cora Seaburn glanced up at the clock,

and then looked down upon the floor.

There was a cloud upon her fair brow,

and it was very evident that something

lay heavily upon her heart. Presently

she walked to the wall and pulled the

bell-cord, and the summons was answer-

ed by the chambermaid.

"Are George and Charles in their

room?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Tell them it is school time."

The girl went out, and in a little while

two boys entered the sitting room, with

their books under their arms and their

caps in their hands. They were bright,

happy, healthy fellows, with good

looks and truth stamped upon their faces,

and the light of good consciences gleam-

ing in their sparkling eyes. George was

thirteen years of age, and Charles eleven;

and certainly those two parents had reason-

to be proud of them. The boys

kissed their mother, gave a happy "good

morning" to their father, and then went

away to school.

"Cora," said Mr. Seaburn, some time

after the boys had gone, "what makes

you so sober?"

"Sister?" repeated his wife, looking

up.

"Yes. You have been sober and mute

ever since the grocer came."

"Do you want me to tell you why?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, Henry, I am sorry that you

have had that spirit brought into the

house."

"Poor! what's the use in talking so,

Cora? You wouldn't have me to do

without it, would you?"

"Yes."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I would cut clear of the

stuff, now and forever."

"But, Cora, you are wild. Why,

what should we do our parties without

wine?"

"Do as others who have none."

"But—may I ask you, would people

say: 'Are you afraid I—but, no, I won't

ask so foolish a question."

"Ask it, Henry. Let us speak plainly,

now that we have fairly commenced."

"Well, I was about to ask if you were

afraid that I should ever drink too

much?"

"That is not a fair question, Henry. I

was not thinking of that at all. But I

will answer it by and by. You have no

fixed appetite for it now?"

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"But, Cora, you are wild. Why,

what should we do











## MILITARY HISTORY OF WOBURN.

## WOBURN NATIONAL RANGERS.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## Fall Campaign to Mine Run.

We had performed our allotted portion of the work, and had arrived at the appointed point long before the hour appointed, and we now awaited the arrival of Buford. Noon came and night also, but no cavalry, when, just as we were preparing ourselves for our night's sleep, "Pack up," was heard, and we were made making preparations to turn Lee's left, Lee was moving up to our right, and that the whole army was on the retrograde, the course we then took verifying it.

That night's march was one long to be remembered, not on account of its distance, but the fatigues and difficulties attending it. In the narrow road, if it could be called such, infantry and artillery jostled along as well as they could, in many cases, the infantry being compelled to lay along the road, or strike off into the field; mostly of a swampy nature, or half every few steps on account of some obstacle which blocked the advance of the artillery. We had now an excellent opportunity of comparing the desirability of the two branches of service, artillery and infantry, and it is needless to say it did not result very favorably to the latter. After four or five hours of that terrible marching, though it seemed an age to us, buoyed up by the light of camp fires ahead, which seemed to recede the farther we advanced, at last we reached the top of the hills near Mountain Run, our first camp after crossing the Rappahannock, when a view unequalled in beauty and grandeur was spread before our eyes. As far as the eye could reach, one immense circle of camp fires met our gaze, and as we continued to advance, the view became more and more beautiful, the fast-moving troops adding still more to its extent, as they lit their camp fires, and it soon became evident that we should soon have the pleasure of sleeping on the old camp ground ourselves. The busy hum of thousands of voices, the sound of the axes, as they made sad havoc with the rails, the loud bay of the mules, and the shouts of the drivers of the trains and artillery near us, all combined to make an impression on our minds never to be effaced. One might look upon such a glorious picture for hours, and never think of sleep or rest under some circumstances; but we had no humor for poetry or romance, but only looked forward to our night's rest.

This was finally reached about twelve o'clock, and our line of fires was soon added to the rest, and we quickly passed away into the "land of dreams." No sleep was sweeter or sounder, but about 2 o'clock we were astonished to be so soon routed out, so we wearily and sadly aroused ourselves and prepared for the start, though some, with an intuition that we should not start, which proved true, still slept on. Three o'clock came—four—five—six—and we were not as yet under way, though the advance of the Corps had been a long time on the road, and we passed our time in that disagreeable, sickening half and half doze over our smoldering camp fires, which, if there is anything, will tend to totally demoralize a soldier.

Daylight came, and the supposition as to the prospect of a move, was soon lost sight of in the discussion of the safety of our boys being picketed at the Rapidan. At length, one by one they came straggling in, but they knew nothing of their companions, only that they started from our old camp together, with some few exceptions. They had been ordered to build large fires, and fall back as silently as possible to the reserve, when they were to go to our old camp for their rations, and follow up the troops. But we watched in vain to see them all come in, for from losing their way, or remaining in camp against orders, they were taken prisoners by the rebel cavalry, who, it seems, at once advanced across the river, and followed up our retreating picket line.

Of those captured, thirteen in all, only one belonged to K. John A. Meade, who was left behind in camp to guard rations for the pickets, and who, if he had obeyed the peremptory orders of Lieut. Tidd, of the picket line, by whose arrival, by the way, was hailed with joy by us all, would have been spared the experience of Libby prison; but, far more fortunate than many of the others, who sunk under the barbarism and horrors of Andersonville. This statement is due as an act of justice to Lieut. Tidd, as at the time, some blame was attached to him by some parties at home, as being the cause of Meade's being taken prisoner.

The reason for our retrograde march soon became apparent. As already stated, Gen. Meade had determined to assault the enemy's right, in the vicinity of Raccoon and Mountain. For the heights of Pony Mountain, and Slaughter's Hill (Cedar Mountain), the country had been carefully studied and the plan of attack thoroughly discussed. But the last view from those lookouts presented a new scene to the eyes of our signal officers. It told that a movement of vast magnitude—the very counterpart of our own—was in progress, on the south side of the Rapidan. Lee was as well satisfied that he could turn the Federal right and break our communication with Washington, as Meade was well satisfied that he could turn the rebel right and break Lee's communication with Richmond, and the singular coincidence occurred of the two armies moving to attack one another at the same time and on the same, though opposite flanks.

Our delay in starting made it evident that we were to be the rear guard of the army, and to be compelled to put up with fatigues and annoyances of covering the trains, which, by past experience, we knew was no sinecure. Finally, about 11 o'clock we started, and contrary to general expectation, struck off at a very rapid rate, passing through what was once the town of Stevensburg, but now presenting a ruined and desolate appearance. No halt was made, and every effort seemed to be made to reach the Rappahannock as soon as possible, and we made good time that ten miles, reaching Kelley's Ford about five, making it evident by our unimpeded march, that all the trains were safely across before us, and we thus escaped the anxious duty of

guarding them as was expected. No pontoons were laid across the river, where we were, though there was one below, over which the trains and other troops were passing as quick as possible. But no time was to be lost, as the enemy were not far in the rear, and in we plunged at once, though in the cool October weather, it was anything but a warm bath. The laughable incidents which occurred during that journey, partially compensated for its discomforts, in which one of our pioneers was particularly prominent, though the frantic efforts of the "ponies on the left" struggling through the swift current and deep water, should not be forgotten; but when we reached the other bank and were compelled to remain in position some time without fires, it could seem fun in it. After shivering and shaking in our saturated clothing, we were finally moved back a short distance, and went into bivouac, when huge fires and hot coffee served to make us forget our trials of the day.

(To be continued.)

## New Publications.

The New York Daily Graphic. This new paper for public favor comes to us in pleasant guise. Begun with fine illustrations, and sparkling cartoons, it is a daily Punch, or American Charivari. A sort of Paul Pry, whose daily and evening congratulations will be salutary. If it reduces the promises it makes, and thus far it has, it will be a most valuable acquisition to the newspapers of the day. It is to be of quarto form, of three and one half pages, of fine pictorial lists of the times, notes of public buildings, improvements, etc.; it will be published in three editions daily, and at the exceedingly low price of 5 cents per copy, or \$12 subscription by the year. We have before us No. 8, and Ivan and Jonathan in cartoon occupy the first page. This plate tells the whole story as forcibly and graphically as would a page of letter press, and as we understand it. This number is well filled with interesting topics and news of the day. We earnestly hope this new enterprise, so new and unique in the annals of Journalism may succeed, and the enterprising proprietors of this truly valuable paper reap a reward adequate to their noble undertaking. We shall notice this enterprise in future and for the present wish it a complete success.

LIVINGSTON'S FAMILY GUEST comes to us in a new, enlarged form, finely illustrated, of the size and much resembling the New York Ledger. May the same good success fall to its lot as has followed the fortunes of the *Ledger*. It is furnished at \$1.00 per year in advance, monthly, with a valuable chromo. Rich in sketches, stories, romances and varied selections.

SCIENCE OF HEALTH FOR APRIL, received from S. R. Wells, N. Y. As usual filled with valuable papers, illustrating the specialty to which the work is devoted. To make men physiologically as well as morally better, is the mission of this monthly. We would particularly call the attention of its readers to Article III., "A Slave of the Register," which is completed this month.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY, D. Appleton & Co., N. Y. We have received the number for February and March of this valuable magazine. Among the papers we would particularly commend to our readers, is a strongly written, comprehensive paper, upon the "Law of Storms," illustrated with drawings of the peculiar appearance of clouds as acted upon by various atmospheric currents, winds and electricity. Many persons, probably well recollect Prof. Espy, and noted his wonderful accuracy in weather predictions. He was called by every name but a wise man. But Prof. Maury tells us of far more startling facts than can be found in the Espy theory. The theory of the formation of the cyclone is fully stated in this paper, also the laws governing the trade winds. The paper is intrinsically worth the price of the volume to any person who is interested in the study of the great laws that govern the universe of God's works. Y. article, "The Romance of Medicine," by Frederick Arnold, will find many readers, who will find much to read in the peremptory orders of Lieut. Tidd, of the picket line, by whose arrival, by the way, was hailed with joy by us all, would have been spared the experience of Libby prison; but, far more fortunate than many of the others, who sunk under the barbarism and horrors of Andersonville. This statement is due as an act of justice to Lieut. Tidd, as at the time, some blame was attached to him by some parties at home, as being the cause of Meade's being taken prisoner.

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every true man, every lover of New England institutions, must, we think, agree with Mr. Murray, that "the sepias of this city when they attack the religion of New England, attack New England herself." "This is a sufficient recommendation to me," says a friend at my side, "to purchase and read Mr. Murray's book, for the religion of a people is seen in their public and private acts."

Speaking of Mr. Murray's book, a gentleman remarked to me the other day, "Does not Mr. Murray take a Pharisaical view of the failure of New England preaching?" He thinks Evangelical teachers have failed, just as the rulers of old thought Jesus, the Christ and Paul, the apostles failed. If he is right, they are not, also, in the right road?" He thinks Mr. M. does not understand the gospel as held by the early fathers of the church, Luther, Melancthon and other later lights. He evidently misunderstands the idea advanced by Mr. Murray. We think the work in question one that should be in the hands of our young men and carefully read and seriously pondered upon by every lover of New England institutions. We shall again notice this little work at some future time, we cheerfully recommend it as a work richly deserving the consideration of evangelical Christians.

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